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*Incidents in my Life.* By D. D. Home. (Longman & Co.)

This impudent and foolish book criticizes itself. An introduction, professing to be "written by a friend," presents Mr. Home as "delicate in health, extremely sensitive in spirit, coming forward with his narration for no conceivable end but to propagate a knowledge of what he regards as important truths; . . . a man of a religious turn of mind, pure-hearted and unworldly"—in fact, as a person who is no fit object for the jests of railing Rabshakehs! Mr. Home throughout his book endorses this sweet and saintly character of himself and of his proceedings very much after the fashion of Wandering Willie in Scott's 'Redgauntlet,' who modestly capped the panegyrics of the notorious little knave Benjie by adding, "All is true that the little boy says!" But we do not know the name of the mystic's "little boy." He is only Mr. Home's friend. Mr. Home answers for him, and he answers for Mr. Home: that is all we learn.

Then comes the table-turner's own part of the tale. His mother, he tells us, was a seer of Scottish extraction, and gifted with second sight. He began to prove himself her worthy son so early as the age of thirteen, the gift having come upon him after hearing the well-known story of the Beresford Ghost with the black ribbon round her wrist (so admirably used by Crabbe in his 'Lady Barbara'). The boy-comrade who read it to him died; and, Mr. Home assures us, appeared to him as the two had previously agreed on. This settled the profession of the youth; and confirmation of the same was administered by his mother, who prophesied her own decease and all its circumstances, some of which, we are assured, were very remarkable. A few months after she died, Mr. Home "heard three loud blows on the head of his bed, as if struck by a hammer." He was much surprised, not knowing precisely what to make of them, till an impression came on him "that they were something not of earth." He had heard ere this of "the Rochester knockings," but had paid little attention to them—puny sounds as compared with those of his spirit hammer. His aunt disapproved of the noise, and being a staunch Wesleyan convertte (Mr. Home himself having joined the Congregationalists) rated him for bringing the Devil into her house; threw a chair at him;—an idle token of disapproval, as it proved,—since, shortly afterwards, the chair in her gifted nephew's room began to amble about of their own accord and accost him civilly, thus setting a seal on his mission as Medium. When, by way of final exorcism, the aunt placed the family Bible on the table and sat upon it, the table, "as if pleased to bear such a burden," the Bible and the aunt a-top were lifted from the floor! The woman could not bear such insubordination in her furniture, however holy the pretext, and signified to Mr. Home that he had better leave her house. Sweet are the uses of persecution. Lord Byron was "cradled into poetry" by the wrong of a review; Mr. Home was strengthened in the line he declares himself to have been inspired to take by this misunderstanding; and, from that moment, shot a-head of all predecessors and competitors. Friends were raised up for him. Articles in the papers narrated how, when he was aged eighteen, "the medium turned over a table into *our* (the writer's) lap." The American editor's lap must have been a large one, or the table must have been the smallest

table of a "hen and chickens" brood. This table in a journalist's lap brought Mr. Home forward at once; and his life, from that time to the time present, has been one of stupendous wonders; of attentions paid to him with unquestioning subscription by all who met him prepared to believe; favours from great personages, only too thankful to have their wearily splendid lives entertained by a new sensation which was very awful and a little irreligious; miracles and communications with the other world. That Mr. Home could not prevent all or any part of this excitement he assures us on his honour. Of course not. Then, he tells us that his power has left him at one or two critical junctures of his life. He does not pretend to account for his superiority to common mortals, neither to apologize for it; he does not offer one solitary proof of its reality which would stand examination. The presence of an element of scepticism has always a cramping effect on his manifestations; sometimes they will not appear. When the medium is about to fly or to float to the ceiling in a darkened room (the "dear spirits" will not permit such blessed marvels to be distinctly seen) he is not to be talked to or touched. Devils, too, mingle in the dance. Further, there are impostors abroad, false mediums, who, we believe, have exhibited Mr. Home's phenomena. What matter? The world is enjoined to take everything that he pleases to tell without a grain of salt. There is a good deal of mystery—not explained—about some parts of his career. His life in Florence, for example, is very briefly dismissed.

Three points may be stated as necessary to be taken in conjunction, even by those disposed to admit the existence of a class of supernatural mediators, and who may wish to judge how far Mr. Home is a sincere and self-deluded member of such priesthood, how far the reverse. First, it has been again and again urged that persons who trafficked in awful mysteries like these, being commissioned from on high, were at once vulgarized, deteriorated, handed over to the counsels of evil spirits, if they spoke with the dead, or made the dead speak, or called them or any part of them into visible presence for lucre. When one wretched charlatan after another has been unmasked, the pure have stood sorrowfully aloof, and repudiated all fellowship with one who tampered with his birthright for a mess of potage. "Medium" after "medium," detected in imposture, has been anathematized or excused as having handed himself over to the devil by the base act of sale and barter of his gift. Now Mr. Home, as Mr. Howitt, indeed, has already told us, has gained a competence by his ghastly shows. Rings, purses (not empty), other presents more solid than praise have been showered on him as thickly as the slippers with which devout ladies glorify their dear favourite clergyman. Secondly, the Romish Church has always held practices such as those by which Mr. Home has thriven to be sinful, heretical, and tending to damnation. Those who remember this canon are invited to consider how Mr. Home, after being converted from Congregationalism to Roman Catholicism, quarrelled with the sincere and stern *Père Ravignan*, who insisted on his desisting from such unauthorized practices; also how he gave up his next confessor, who, it was hoped, might be more lenient to one who was driving so brisk and profitable a trade, and amusing so many great people and crowned heads. So that Mr. Home floats strangely, not in the air alone, but between the two stools of authority and private judgment. Thirdly, the witnesses brought by him into the box who answer

to their names are few. A great person has testified to his marvellous power and unimpeachable integrity; a sovereign has been as much impressed for his soul's good as the Emperor of Russia was by William Allen the Quaker, but we do not learn who the great person and the sovereign were. The godfathers and godmothers who appear in these pages to credit his proceedings are Mr. Wilkinson (a spiritualist before he saw Mr. Home), Mr. J. G. Crawford, "a gentleman who had for years resisted all belief in such phenomena," Mr. T. A. Trollope, Mr. James Wason, solicitor, Dr. Gully of Malvern, Mr. John Jones of Basinghall Street, Mr. James Hutchinson of the Stock Exchange, Mr. Cox of the hotel in Jermyn Street, Mr. Coleman of Bayswater, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt and Mrs. S. C. Hall—which last witness deposes to having received the present of a lace cap from the deceased Mrs. Home, laid by supernatural hands on her knee!

The above considerations having been purposely grouped together not to interrupt the narrative, Mr. Home's book shall, from this point, speak for itself.

The American contributions to this work are, as Mr. Howitt had prepared us to expect, more highly spiced with what is terrible and revolting than those from this side of the Atlantic. When the following dip into Pandemonium was made by the oracle, he could not have been eighteen:—

"Last winter while spending a few days at the house of Mr. Rufus Elmer, Springfield, I became acquainted with Mr. Home. One evening, Mr. Home, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, and I were engaged in general conversation, when suddenly, and most unexpectedly to us all, Mr. Home was deeply entranced. A momentary silence ensued, when the medium said 'Hannah Brittan is here!' I was surprised at the announcement, for I had not even thought of the person indicated for many days, or perhaps months, and we parted for all time when I was but a little child. I remained silent, but mentally inquired how I might be assured of her actual presence. Immediately Mr. Home began to exhibit signs of the deepest anguish. Rising from his seat he walked to and fro in the apartment, wringing his hands, and exhibiting a wild and frantic manner and expression. He groaned in spirit, and audibly, and often smote his forehead and uttered incoherent words of prayer. He addressed me in terms of tenderness, and sighed and uttered bitter lamentations. Ever and anon, he gave utterance to expressions like the following:—'Oh, how dark! What dismal clouds! What a frightful chasm! Deep—down—far down! I see the fiery flood! Hold! Stay!—Save them from the pit! I'm in a terrible labyrinth! I see no way out! There's no light! How wild!—gloomy! The clouds roll in upon me! The darkness deepens! My head is whirling! Where am I!—' During this exciting scene, which lasted perhaps half an hour, I remained a silent spectator, the medium was unconscious, and the whole was inexplicable to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer. The circumstances occurred some twelve years before the birth of Mr. Home. No person in all that region knew aught of the history of Hannah Brittan, or that such a person ever existed. But to me the scene was one of peculiar and painful significance. She was highly gifted by nature, and endowed with the tenderest sensibilities. She became *insane* from believing in the doctrine of endless punishment, and when I last saw her, the terrible reality, so graphically depicted in the scene I have attempted to describe, was present, in all its mournful details, before me!"

There was some thought, Mr. Home tells us, of his studying medicine as a profession, but the "dear spirits" would not allow it. These Spirits became very imperious and sprightly. They dragged his bed up and down the room; even when Mr. F. C. Andrae was in it as well as himself; and they could only by the most urgent

entreaty be prevailed on to stop. In America, however, there were many "mediums"; whereas Europe wanted a missionary. Accordingly, in 1855, Mr. Home came over the sea. Immediately on his arrival in London, he found himself in a congenial circle. Mr. Cox, of the hotel in Jermyn Street, (who, by the way, among other curious sights for which he was indebted to Mr. Home, testifies to having seen two decanters for one,) "welcomed him like a father." He went thence to Ealing, and there called up for the gratification of a distinguished novelist "the spirit who had influenced him to write 'Zanoni.'" Other sittings at Ealing, where matters went on less smoothly, are unreported. Why should a chronicler, who is all for truth and transparency, evade an account of his failures? Mr. Wilkinson is prolix in his details of what passed on these occasions. The "spirit hands," of which so much has been said, greeted Mr. Wilkinson, very heartily, in the dusk—slapped his knee "affirmatively," whenever he made a lucky guess as to which deceased friend he had the pleasure of chatting with, and "danced down his leg with the liveliest affirming finger tips." One hand belonged to an arm in a "cambric sleeve, which showed like biscuit porcelain in the moonlight, and terminated apparently in a graceful cascade of drapery." We are comforted, elsewhere, by learning that Superstition has a black, withered hand, by way of emblem.

When the Ealing harvest was fairly gathered in, Mr. Home went abroad, first to Florence with a friend.—

"I met there (says he) many distinguished men and women, and a Prince of one of the Royal Houses became deeply interested in what he witnessed. The manifestations while I was at Florence were very strong. I remember on one occasion while the Countess O—— was seated at one of Erard's grand action pianos, it rose and balanced itself in the air during the whole time she was playing."

Did Countess O—— rise to the occasion? and balance herself in the air as well as the "Patent Grand"? Our seer and his friends lay great stress on the musical feats of the spirits, without apparently knowing much of the art, its terms, or its celebrities. Mrs. Howitt, for instance, speaks of "M. Magnus the celebrated composer at Paris," as being a witness of some wonderful performances. We are indifferently well acquainted with the Parisian musical world, but do not know the great man appealed to. The accordion, in the hands of Mr. Home's familiars, does odd things; sometimes filling the room "with a volume of sounds like a pealing organ, and still no false note," sometimes indulging in a *fantasia* descriptive of this world and the next; after the fashion, so far as we can make out, of Mr. German Reed's composer in his clever entertainment. This world is expressed by the musical spirits in discords crude enough to set the teeth on edge; the next in celestial melodies. Oftentimes (and this shows how the spirits can be *débonnaire* and appropriate on occasions) the accordion concert concludes with the performance of "Home, sweet Home!"

In the course of his foreign wanderings, Mr. Home fell in with the sister of Count Gregoire Kouchelleff Besborodko. The lady was an ardent spiritualist and medium, like himself. They were married,—the author of "Monte Christo" being "best man" on the occasion, and undertaking a journey to do honour to the young couple, which journey also could be wrought up in a book. Never was marriage more complete. Shakespeare's *Beatrice* remembered to have heard that "a star danced when she was born," but this was a trifle as compared

with what befell the Homes, during their brief wedded life.

"On the 26th April, old style, or 8th May, according to our style, at seven in the evening, and as the snow was fast falling, our little boy was born at the town house, situate on the Gagarine Quay, in St. Petersburg, where we were still staying. A few hours after his birth, his mother, the nurse and I heard for several hours the warbling of a bird as if singing over him. Also that night, and for two or three nights afterwards, a bright star-like light, which was clearly visible from the partial darkness of the room, in which there was only a night lamp burning, appeared several times directly over its head, where it remained for some moments, and then slowly moved in the direction of the door, where it disappeared. This was also seen by each of us at the same time. The light was more condensed than those which have been so often seen in my presence upon previous and subsequent occasions. It was brighter and more distinctly globular. I do not believe that it came through my mediumship, but rather through that of the child, who has manifested on several occasions the presence of the gift. I do not like to allude to such a matter, but as there are more strange things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of, even in my philosophy, I do not feel myself at liberty to omit stating, that during the latter part of my wife's pregnancy, we thought it better that she should not join in séances, because it was found that whenever the rappings occurred in the room, a simultaneous movement of the child was distinctly felt, perfectly in unison with the sounds. When there were three sounds, three movements were felt, and so on, and when five sounds were heard, which is generally the call for the alphabet, she felt the five internal movements, and she would frequently, when we were mistaken in the letter, correct us from what the child indicated."

We have not quoted the last passage without hesitation: but it is due to the author that the reader should have a clear opportunity of judging him in all the fullness of his delicacy. Mrs. Home and the rapping unborn baby are both dead. While alive they must have enjoyed a busy life, nocturnal as well as diurnal. The following, which fell out after a lecture, at St. John's Wood, by M. Louis Blanc, "On the Mysterious Persons and Agencies in France towards the End of the Eighteenth Century," is a sample of similar experiences.—

"On returning home, I found that my wife had retired earlier than usual in consequence of a severe headache. In the course of conversation together, she having asked how I had liked the lecture, I said, 'I have been haunted all the evening by Cagliostro,' on which she exclaimed, 'Pray do not use that word haunted, it sounds so weird-like, and quite frightens me.' I had by this time extinguished the light, and was now in bed, when to my amazement the room became as light as if the sun had for an instant shone fully in at the window. Thinking that this effect might have been only on my spiritual perception, I said, 'Sacha, did you see anything?'—Her reply was, 'No, nor could I, for my face was quite buried in my pillow, the pain in my head is so intense.' I asked her to observe, and I then mentally asked that if the light had been external, it might be reproduced. Almost simultaneously with the thought, came the light again, so distinct, and with such brilliancy, that no noon-day was ever brighter. My wife asked if this was the spirit of Cagliostro, and the affirmative reply was instantly given by three flashes of light, so vivid as almost to be blinding and painful to the sight. Answers were given to various questions in the same wonderful manner, and then in answer to a question asked, came a musical tinkle, as if a silver bell had been touched directly over our heads. In this way our farther answers were now given, and we then heard a footstep on the floor, falling so gently as if it feared to disturb us by its approach. My wife asked that it should come nearer, and it approached us till we felt a form leaning over the bed. In doing this it pressed upon the bed-clothes

just as an actual material presence would have done. We asked him if he had been a medium when on earth, and a distinct voice, audible to both of us, said in answer, 'My power was that of a mesmerist, but all misunderstood by those about me; my biographers have even done me injustice; but I care not for the untruths of earth.' Both my wife and myself were by this time so impressed by such startling and almost terribly real evidence of the presence of one who was in no way related to us, that for a few moments all power of utterance seemed to have left us. We were, however, soon recalled to ourselves by a hand being placed on our heads, and she, seizing my hands in hers, held them up, saying, 'Dear spirit, will you be one of my guardian angels—watch over me with my father, teach me what you would have me do, and make me thankful to God for all his mercies!' Our hands were clasped by a hand, and her left hand was gently separated from mine, and a ring, which was the signet-ring of my father-in-law, was placed on her third finger. This ring was previously in the room, but at a distance of at least twelve feet from where the bed stood. 'Good night, dear ones, and God bless you,' was then audibly spoken, and simultaneously with the sound came three wafts of perfume, so delicious that we both exclaimed, 'How truly wonderful!' Her headache was perfectly cured, and although our nerves had been greatly agitated, we slept soundly. The following day, and indeed for several days afterwards, my wife had occasional proofs of the presence of this spirit, and he remained with her up to the time of her passing from earth, and during the last months of our stay in England she frequently saw him."

By shuddering when coming in contact with a pot of porter at Messrs. Barclay & Perkins's, Mr. Home was acquainted with the decease of his Russian mother-in-law;—long ere the tidings could have arrived in an orderly way.

How Mr. Home floated about in the mansion of a person of distinction, in Hyde Park Terrace, London, and elsewhere, is attested by several persons: for the most part anonymous. This marvel however, almost as common, Mr. Howitt assures us, "as the flying of a bird," is considerably withheld by "the dear spirits" from the light of common day,—and one testifier confesses to having been so bewildered by what took place in these darkened rooms, as not at last to know whether that which he touched was natural or supernatural. But we must leave in all their twilight these exercises of "levitation," as less momentous and surprising than the exhibitions of Leotard, Olmar, and Verrecke, who are not afraid of the flare of gaslight.—Also, we must leave untold a tale of a monstrous branch of a poplar-tree, which would have killed Mr. Home by falling on him, when he was visiting at a country-house in France, had not the "dear spirits" interposed. By way of authentication, a section from this malevolent stick was exhibited to the elect afterwards, in London: when bits of its bark behaved curiously. Mr. and Mrs. Home resided for some time with Mrs. F. C. P., of Cornwall Terrace, in the Regent's Park, who kept a note of what happened. The "dear spirits" seem in Mrs. P.'s house to have been as spiteful in regard "to the gentlemen of the press" as though they had been so many French censors:—

"December 24th. The accordion played in Mr. Home's hand, then five raps asked for the alphabet, and 'Christmas Hymn' was spelled out; again five raps, and 'less earthly light'; we lowered the flame of the four gas jets that were burning over the table; and 'The Manger, the Life, and the passing away,' was spelled out. The accordion played a sweet air appropriate to *childhood*. 'The Life' was represented by the most harmonious strains intermingled with discords at times, as if it were thorny and painful, and the *passing away* died on the air with exquisite tenderness.—January 29th. A séance of eight persons. We had amused ourselves during the time with the article, 'Spirit-

rapping,' which pass which was h arose a she The zinc—shoe, gave and the hand invis from lently which popla C of wh height and t were and s spirit and p dosta the b The g the s curio hand from every power rocked after laid stilly lay on Hom end of and r top of from The gods "J twilight the spirits swere table Hind touch exqui noise and t top o peare put u the t it do table his c foots of the was o zonta star o in the A séa of na marb right the ci one p The s us spena Deir, and p spirit God, all of unde rappe and b

rapping made easy,' in the magazine *Once a Week*, which we left on the chiffonier. I saw something pass from the side of the room with great velocity, which vanished under the table. A curious noise was heard like the crumpling of paper, a spirit hand arose, appeared, and placed in the medium's hand a sheet of *Once a Week*, crumpled up and torn. The spirits were at work destroying the magazine—they rubbed it strongly over Mr. Home's shoe, and then placed his foot upon it. The spirits gave each person a bit of the mangled magazine, and the remainder was raised up by a large spirit hand, and placed on a vacant chair, which by invisible power had a short time before been moved from a distance to the table. The table was violently moved up to the centre window, before which stood a piece of the bough of the northern poplar which had been sent from the Château de C—, and which was a part of that, from the fall of which Mr. Home so miraculously escaped. The height of the bough was three feet eight inches, and the circumference three feet. Luminous hands were now and then visible, the table rose gently, and tipped many times against the bough; the spirits threw bits of the torn magazine about it, and placed one piece under it. I asked in Hindostanee, 'Are you making Mr. Novra do *pooja* to the branch?' To which they loudly rapped 'Yes.' The gas-lights from the streets were streaming in, the spirits closed the shutters, and we heard a curious tearing noise, a spirit hand came across my hands, and placed upon them a bit of the bark torn from the poplar, the noise recommenced, and to every one of the circle a bit was given. Invisible power opened the shutters, the trunk of the tree rocked and waved backwards and forwards, and after a time it was lifted up by invisible power and laid upon the table. At this time, 'Off in the stillly night' was played by the accordion which lay on the floor, untouched by mortal hands. Mr. Home's arms were raised, and he walked to the end of the room, where he was lifted off the ground, and raised until his feet were on a level with the top of the chiffonier, between four and five feet from the ground."

The Spirits were no less violent against the gods of the Hindoo mythology:—

"June 2nd. A séance of five persons. As twilight came on, a pleasant dimness fell over the room, and a lady said, 'Is the light the spirits love, like the odylie?' to which raps answered, 'More refined.' The spirits moved the table with violence up to the window, near the Hindoo shrine, and the accordion (no human hand touching it) played in the most charming manner, exquisitely and with great power. There was much noise at the Hindoo shrine, the image of Vishnu and the Holy Bull were brought and put on the top of the table, then a large hand, which appeared dark, being between us and the light, put up the accordion entirely above the top of the table, a second hand on the other side took it down again, another hand took a bell off the table and rang it. Mr. Home was raised from his chair erect into the air, and descended on a foot-stool. Then he was drawn to the other end of the room, and raised in the air until his hand was on the top of the door; thence he floated horizontally forward, and descended. I saw a bright star constantly flashing forth, the raps died away in the distance, and the séance ended.—June 3rd. A séance of nine persons. I placed a large bouquet of natural flowers on the shoulder of the great marble idol Ganesh. The accordion in Mr. Home's right hand playing most beautifully, harmonized the circle, and the spirit hands touched almost every one present." June 11th. En séance seven persons. The spirits played beautiful music, and brought to us sprigs which they tore off a sweet-scented verbena which was in the room. They brought the *Deir*, a brass idol holding a mirror, from the shrine, and put it under the table. Mr. Home saw a spirit at the shrine; then they rapped, 'Faith in God, and the change of world will be most glorious, all other—' (the idols which they had placed under the table were rattled violently) 'Gods' were rapped out; again they rapped the idols violently, and beat them against one another with great noise and force, and spelled 'must'; they raised the great

idol *Mahadeo*, and put it on the table. It is the large brass idol overshadowed by the expanded hood of the *cobra di capella*. Then they rapped 'he brought.' They took the idol off the table, and pitched it down violently with a clang and noise, then rapped 'down low before him.' In this manner they elucidated the words they rapped out, 'Faith in God and the change of world will be most glorious; all other Gods must be brought down low before Him.' \* \* \* June 22nd. En séance seven persons. A spirit hand arose and came to Mrs. Home; it moved about; she was anxious to touch it; a long finger pointed to and motioned her to be quiet. A hand and arm were distinctly seen, and a spirit hand closed the shutters. Flowers were given to some, and were placed on the heads of other persons. My head was twice touched, and twice an arm waved over the table; three times an open hand was strongly pressed on my forehead. A spring-bell from the shutters, used as an alarm, was rung above our heads, and we saw the hand which held it. Mr. Home went into the trance, and said, 'Where the eye ought to be are placed two crosses; the Christian faith will put the eye out. I do not understand what they mean, the spirit is doing it! Hark! hark! don't write.' I ceased writing; we listened, and heard a noise like scratching on the shrine. Mr. Home woke from the trance, and the séance ended. On going to the shrine, we saw on the forehead of the great white marble image of Ganesh two crosses made in pencil by the spirits, just over the centre triple eye of the idol, which denotes its having all-seeing power. This was the noise alluded to by Mr. Home in the trance."

Here is enough, and more than enough, some readers will say, of Mr. Home's revelations, and of the testimonies of his disciples. From first to last there is not a statement in the book so presented as to warrant a sensible man in paying attention to it. To exhibit such a volume is to expose it; and we shall only repeat our first remark—the book contains its own criticism.

*The Life of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State in the Reign of Queen Anne. By Thomas Macknight. (Chapman & Hall.)*

A reader, who is also a judge of literary art, will have no trouble in assigning to Mr. Macknight's Life of Lord Bolingbroke its proper rank. He will find that it is not a good book, and that it is not a very bad one. To praise it highly would be a cruel pleasure; to condemn it harshly would be a cruel injustice. It has the safe merit of mediocrity. The language in which it is written is not bright, and the materials of which it is composed are not new. The old facts are stated in it once again; and we grieve to see many of the old fictions reproduced, without a sign being given that the author is aware how far these fictions have been challenged and exposed. On the whole, in spite of a large pretension in the preface, it can hardly be called a better book than Mr. Wingrove Cooke's 'Life of Bolingbroke.' Of course, it contains the usual outlines of general history, some parts of which are pretty well done; and it may, therefore, gain an audience from the class which has no knowledge whatever. Such persons are not critical as to details. The commonplace reader loves a commonplace book. To the man who has already some acquaintance with the age of Bolingbroke, and who desires to place his knowledge on a sound basis, it will prove unsatisfactory; conveying to him no distinct image of the shallow, splendid, profligate friend of Swift and Pope, and lacking precision of style and authority of dates even in the statement of mere outward and visible facts in the hero's life.

We use the word "hero" in the storyteller's sense; for in the high meaning of the term

Harry St. John was the very reverse of heroic. Though his qualities were showy and his fortunes romantic, he was a man essentially commonplace and imitative. For a time his excesses were ascribed to a sort of genius run mad; but even his licentiousness had been the work of a sinner more original than himself. Had his uncle Rochester never lived, it is probable that St. John would never have sought renown in the taverns and the stews. Wilnot's notoriety as a wit and profligate inflamed his mind; and he longed to hear it said that he was the wildest fellow in the town. But he imitated everybody whom he admired, or whom he thought the world admired. In his poetry he copied Dryden, in his early politics he followed Marlborough, in his gallantry he rivalled Rochester, in his ambition he emulated Harley, in his perfidies he had the example of Sunderland. As Charles the Second had made love to an orange-girl, so he made love to an orange-girl: his Clara, if we may believe his poetical rhapsodies, being scarcely so respectable a woman as Nell Gwynne. A man so weak in character, however splendid his talent and various his fortunes, is after all but a third-rate subject for literary art; and Mr. Macknight will, perhaps, feel that we pay him a compliment in dealing with the writer rather than with the hero of the tale.

The style of Mr. Macknight may be described as voluminous and correct, but at the same time as wanting in spirit, gaiety and power. It has no sweet surprises. In the seven hundred pages no happy marriage of words delights the ear, no flash of imagery direct from nature lights up the sense. The language, if it has few grammatical defects, has no depths, no mysteries, no beauties. In the main it is of prose most prosy; and where it ventures on poetical forms and secondary meanings, through impersonation, it is modestly content with trying such experiments as long usage has shown to be safe. Thus, if a thing is going to happen in Mr. Macknight's story, we are sure to hear that "the storm is coming," that "the mine is laid," that "the match is lighted," that "the explosion may be expected any moment." If a man has been doing or saying anything—say negotiating a treaty or making a speech in the House of Commons—we are pretty sure to be told that he has borne "the burden and heat of the day." Surely that mine has been laid before, and that match has been lighted at a previous fire. A man of letters would blush to crib jokes from Joe Miller: why should he not equally refrain from using these shreds and patches of poetical jargon? Very little imagery of this familiar kind is enough; and Mr. Macknight gives us a good deal of it. Sometimes his poetical touches are so badly borrowed and so strangely introduced as to become positively comic, like the shreds of finery worn by a Choctaw or a Zulu-Kaffir. For example, when Robert Harley was made a peer, the fact is stated in this wise:—"And so, just as the early summer began, while the fresh-mown hay was pleasantly fragrant in the fields about Chelsea, the boats swam gaily on the river, and the nightingales at Vauxhall were ceasing to sing, Robert Harley was made Earl of Oxford, Earl of Mortimer, and Baron Harley of Wigmore Castle. A few days afterwards he was presented by the Queen with the white wand as Lord Treasurer; and it was whispered through the City that he would shortly have the Garter." In the name of good sense, to which even literary artists have to bend sometimes, what had the fresh-mown hay, the boats on the river, and the nightingales at Vauxhall to do with the intrigues of Abigail Masham and the

success of Harley? This is the misery which comes of indiscreet appropriation. The garment which adorned the white man does not suit the savage; the imagery which brightened verse becomes ludicrous when used at second-hand in prose. The association of times and seasons with outward facts is sometimes close enough to warrant a poet in suggesting a sympathy between them: as, for instance, between May-day and marriage-bells,—between summer-tide and coming of age,—between fogs and suicide,—between singing nightingales and whispering lovers; and those who originally link such natural with human facts do so from a spiritual feeling of the large affinities which connect man and nature. With them the image rises by the side of a genuine fact, and sheds a light upon it. But with the prose writers who, like Mr. Macknight, prey on the poets, these links between man and nature are not original fancies, but acquired properties, of which they have not learnt the use. The African king put the colander on his head, supposing it to be a helmet or a crown.

So, again, with respect to Mr. Macknight's use of critical language: it is all second-hand or tenth-hand, and has the unfittiness of literary and other old clothes. Thus, to take only one example out of hundreds, if he has occasion to speak of Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, it is introduced to the reader's notice—interesting stranger!—as “the most *sublime* production of the kind in the language.” Surely ‘St. Cecilia's Day’ needs no certificate from Mr. Macknight, who would probably think it right to present Shakspeare to his reader as “The Swan of Avon” or “The Immortal Bard.” If it were necessary to characterize Dryden's Ode, surely it was possible to describe it in terms more appropriate than those of the bit of borrowed cant, which has no more meaning than any other adjective in a lady's scale, from “magnificent” to “sweetly pretty.”

When we pass from Mr. Macknight's style to his text, the first thing, perhaps, to strike a critical reader will be the number of his errors as to facts of all kinds, minor and major, from the mis-spelling of names—Coningham for Cunningham, Barebones for Barbones; and from mistranslations of French, such as rendering *Je suis ravi*—I am glad—into “St. John was quite ravished,”—up to mistakes about persons and places, and confusions of printed matter of no consequence with manuscripts of great authority and rarity.

One of the most amusing, perhaps, is the mistake of one country for another, as lying on the road from London into France. “While the ships were approaching the river St. Lawrence,” says Mr. Macknight, “and Prior was quietly going down to the house of Sir Thomas Hanmer, to cross over unobserved from the Sussex coast, to confer with Torcy about the conditions of peace, it may be desirable to look a little more closely into the official and private life of the ambitious Secretary.”

A reader will ask, what can this mean? Sir Thomas Hanmer lived in Suffolk, as we suppose Mr. Macknight is aware. How, then, could Prior pass over unobserved from Sussex into France if he went down to Hanmer's house in Suffolk? The reader knows, indeed, that Prior did nothing of the sort, for the facts of this journey became of the utmost consequence to the poet, and to greater men than the poet; and a careful record of them is preserved in the Journals of Parliament. Prior never went down into Suffolk at this time. He went from London direct through Kent, and sailed from Dover in the usual way. All this is matter of official history. Why then, the reader asks, does Mr. Macknight send him into France by

way of Sir Thomas Hanmer's house in Suffolk? Is it an invention, like so many other fictions of biographers? That is not likely. Mr. Macknight is not poetical enough for much invention. We think the confusion in which he has got involved may be explained on very rational and simple grounds.

In one of the multitudinous pamphlets of the hour, called ‘A New Journey to Paris,’ we read that “Prior, having received his instructions from the English court, *under pretence* of taking a short journey of pleasure, and visiting the Chevalier de H[anmer] in the province of Suffolk, left his house on Sunday night, the 11th of July, N.S., taking none of his servants with him. Monsieur M—e [Arthur Moore], who had already prepared a bark, with all necessities, in the road of Dover, took Monsieur P. disguised in his chariot. They lay on Monday night, the 12th of July, at the Count de J—y's [Lord Jersey] house in Kent, arrived in good time the next day at Dover, drove directly to the shore, made the sign by waving their hats, which was answered by the vessel, and the boat was immediately sent to take him in, which he entered wrapt in his cloak, and soon got aboard.”

Of this pretence of going down to Sir Thomas Hanmer's, a mere blind on the poet's part to cover his real journey, Mr. Macknight has somewhere read, very carelessly of course, even to the extent of mistaking the pretence for the fact. But how he could have overlooked the parliamentary record is curious, and how he could have dreamt that a house in Suffolk lay in the way of a journey to Paris passes understanding. We must leave this part of the text as we find it.

Let us next take an instance of mistaking printed matter of no particular value for manuscript notes of the greatest interest. At p. 643, in the midst of a chapter on Bolingbroke's relations to Pope, we read: “A genuine letter from Pope to Bolingbroke is itself a curiosity, for it is strange how few of such compositions we possess. This letter, a manuscript copy of which I have found in the library of the British Museum, is one of the most characteristic of Pope's epistles. It exhibits plainly the relation in which Pope and Bolingbroke stood towards each other.” And then follows a letter, with the date of September 3, 1740. Now this very letter was found about forty years ago, and was printed in 1825, in the supplementary volume of Pope's Works. The chief “curiosity” about the thing is that a man who has the courage to write a Life of Lord Bolingbroke should be unaware of such a fact. Nor is this ignorance of Mr. Macknight all. The old copy and the new are both taken from the MS. in the British Museum, and yet they differ in no less than twenty places. Mr. Macknight's text is, indeed, so corrupt as to imply something worse than mere carelessness. Pope wrote to Lord Bolingbroke: “There is so true a fund of all virtues, public and social, within you”—and Mr. Macknight changes the word *fund* to “friend,” making nonsense of the passage. Where Pope wrote “must” Mr. Macknight reads “might”; where Pope wrote “moral” Mr. Macknight reads “manly.” The new version gives “dignified” instead of “distinguished,” “urged” instead of “tried,” “these” for “those,” “monk and ascetic” for “monks and ascetics,” “may” for “must,” “different” for “deferred,” “take those” for “wake others,” and “the sunny part of” for “under my house.” He inserts some words and omits others which are found in the printed work. In a few instances, he perverts the sense; as where he reads, “Lord Chesterfield despairs as much as ourselves to act,” in place of “Lord Chesterfield despairs as much, *but resolves* to

act.” Elsewhere he reads, “Be others at home as they will, they cannot be as generous as you,” where Pope really wrote, “Be others *as honest as they will*,” &c. One obvious error in the printed text, “Erinna” for “Ennius,” Mr. Macknight has avoided; but what are we to say to his reading of the line—

*Aweful as Philo's grove or Num's grot.*

The writer adds in a note: “This interesting letter I have given exactly as it remains in the manuscript copy: words which the reader will now take with a very large grain of salt.

As an example of Mr. Macknight's ignorance of what recent investigation has either overthrown or put in doubt, what he says of the Duchess of Marlborough and Pope may be quoted:—“The old Dowager Duchess of Marlborough had of late years been on very friendly terms with Pope, and had given him a thousand pounds to destroy the character of Atossa, which had been handed about, and which she well knew was intended for herself. Though to the last high-spirited and brave, she really dreaded Pope's satire, and had done everything to make him her friend.” The writer does not seem to be aware that this question of—Who was Atossa?—has recently undergone a good deal of exposition. That the poet never meant this hateful character to stand for Sarah Duchess of Marlborough has, we think, been proved. Those who are unconvinced, if there be any such, will allow that a strong case has been established in favour of another original. The friends of Duchess Sarah can at least say that the charge against her is “not proven.” Yet, here comes a gentleman with a Life of Bolingbroke, in which all the old scandals are raked up afresh and given to the world as honest truths, though they have been refuted and set aside in the minds of every competent judge.

We may also refer to an instance of the ease with which Mr. Macknight takes things for granted which admit of profitable inquiry and debate. It is the hostile criticism which he bestows—not once, but many times—on book called ‘A History of the Four Last Years of the Queen’—that is, of Queen Anne; and presumed to have been written by Dean Swift. Mr. Macknight is very fierce with the Dean for having written this book. One example of his fury will suffice: “Nothing disgusts a discriminating student of those times more than the aspersions which Swift, the greatest literary advocate of this Ministry, constantly casts upon Somers and the Whigs for their tolerant principles. ‘It was the practice,’ wrote the Doctor, ‘of those politicians to introduce such men as were perfectly indifferent to any or no religion, and who were not likely to inherit much loyalty from those to whom they owed their birth: as if Harley's ancestors had been remarkable for their loyalty, and as if the author of *The Tale of a Tub*, and his friend St. John, were most earnest, pious and exemplary members of the Church of England. All this was miserable cant; the men who used it knew it to be miserable cant; and they expected that their readers would be as insincere and shameless as themselves.’ Now this is very strong language, and a man who uses it should be certain that he is not attacking one man for the sins of another. What proof has Mr. Macknight that Swift wrote this ‘History of the Four Last Years’? He may answer that he finds it reproduced in the collected editions of Swift's works by Hawkesworth and Scott, and quoted in many common and uncritical works as an authority for a part of the reign of Queen Anne. The fact is so, but it counts for very little; and we are not aware of there being any proof whatever that the work was written by Swift.

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What is known with certainty about this curious work may be told in a few words. It was not published by Swift. It was not published during his life. It was not found at his death among his papers. It was not published by a known and responsible friend of the Dean. It contains much that the Dean must have known to be false. No judge of style has ever pretended that it was in his manner or worthy of his pen. All this evidence goes to negative the right of any man, until further proof be adduced, to ascribe the book, abusively, to Swift.

But how, it may be fairly asked, were the two editors of Swift already named persuaded to include this doubtful pamphlet in the collected works? We think that Hawkesworth was careless, and that Scott was hasty. Swift, it was known, had composed a paper on the last four years of Queen Anne; a very stirring pasquinade, which was shown to a few persons, but never published and not preserved. That this paper was destroyed, there is no room for doubt. Our own belief is that it was burnt by Harley, with Swift's consent; but the fact that it was destroyed is clear. Well, many years after the Dean's death, Millar, the publisher, produced a work which he called a 'History of the Four Last Years of the Queen,' under the name of Swift. The story told by Millar, or by Millar's literary hack, of how the manuscript came into his possession was to the last degree suspicious. It was pretended that a gentleman in Ireland, name not given, but described as of great probity and worth, had been entrusted by Swift with a copy of the piece for his opinion; that this person of great probity and worth, being aware that Swift would not publish it, resolved to secrete and retain the copy; and, finally, that on finding either the Dean or his literary executors had destroyed the original, the honest and worthy Irish gentleman parted with his copy to some one, who is not named, so that at last it fell into Millar's hands for publication. The book came out, and this is all the evidence on which it has been ascribed to Swift.

#### *St. Olave's.* 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THOUGH we do not learn from the title-page the name of the author of this charming novel, it is the work of one who possesses a great talent for writing, as well as some experience and knowledge of the world. 'St. Olave's' can scarcely be the first effort of a young person: the discrimination of character, the depth of thought and felicity of expression forbid any such conjecture. 'St. Olave's' is the work of an artist. The story does not aspire to be a "sensation novel," but it deserves a higher place in the ranks of literature than many works of far greater pretension. The scene is laid in an ancient cathedral city, "a city that had been the cradle and the destiny of kings. And always as you trod the narrow winding little streets, or tracked your path by crumbling gate and ruined postern, you had but to look up and there was the grand, grey, massive old cathedral keeping watch and ward over you. Like the thought of God in the heart of man, facing all his narrow crooked aims and pur- poses, his crumbling vows and broken resolutions with its front of calm, eternal majesty." The inhabitants of St. Olave's were all rigidly selected, aristocratic, and exclusive, and one of the best characters in the book is a certain Mrs. Scrymgeour, the widow of a late arch-deacon. She is described as "a tall, severe, dignified-looking woman, bristling all over with ecclesiastical propriety, besides which Mrs. Scrymgeour was censor general of the

diocese of St. Olave's, and lady president of the 'Position Committee.'" No one could be received in the society of the Close families unless they had first received the sanction of Mrs. Scrymgeour; and the story opens with a long consultation as to whether it is advisable to leave cards on Miss Bruce, the sister of the new organist at the cathedral.

David Bruce does not possess many of the qualifications usually considered necessary for the character of a hero of romance. We are told that "there was neither style nor fashion about him; nothing but grave, quiet dignity and a certain resolution which could both dare and do great things if need be." His dress is worn and shabby; his bearing awkward and ungainly, and, like the famous M. Paul Emanuel in Miss Brontë's 'Vilette,' David Bruce has nothing in his outward appearance likely to prove attractive to the young ladies of St. Olave's. But when engaged at his work, whether he happens to be composing, or playing on his organ, "David's whole aspect changes. In his music-world he becomes a prince. The wrinkles smooth out from his forehead, his eyes grow full of love and tenderness, his face becomes, as it were, the face of an angel." Janet Bruce, his sister, a neat, methodical old maid, devotes herself to her brother's service, and owns "a quiet face, out of which all that the world calls joy has long ago been quenched, and upon which there rests the benediction that comes when joy has gone—even peace."

The half-page dedicated to Janet's character is worth reading. In a few lines we have the history of a lifetime:—

"Miss Bruce was matter of fact—intensely matter of fact,—that was the very expression to designate her outer life in all its phases and manifestations. Of the inner one no sign was ever given. The springiness and romance of life suddenly wrenched away from her—she buried their memory once and for ever in a grave that no resurrection could open. Instead of weeping over the past, as most do, she turned resolutely away from it; gathered up the countless little cares and duties still remaining, and out of these wove the rest of her life, making it, if not beautiful, at least useful and serviceable. Putting away, as something no longer needed, all hope and longing, she did the best she could to walk worthily in the track placed before her, which was that of a quiet maiden lady."

In contrast with this grave—under less skilful management we might almost have said uninteresting—couple, we have an excitable, haughty lady, full of vehemence and fire, who is apparently on the verge of madness. Mrs. Edenhall comes, through the medium of advertisement, to lodge with the Bruce family, who find it requisite thus to eke out their scanty income; and though an advantage in a pecuniary point of view, Mrs. Edenhall proves no great acquisition to their family circle.

The heroine of the book is a bright, sunshiny little creature, full of youth and hope, with "a fitful maiden-like freedom in her ways and an unschooled gracefulness in her simple speech." Living with a very old and infirm aunt in the Close, Alice Grey amuses herself in the best way she can, and her favourite pastime, after the Bruce family come to St. Olave's, is to hear David playing long overtures and symphonies of his own composing. Janet likes to watch the gay little figure flitting about the quiet, old house; and David is pleased to keep Alice enraptured at his side, "looking up at him, with her young face full of reverence and wonder." He lets "the child" come and sit with him in the organ-loft during service time, and takes her into the dark and dangerous galleries high up almost in the roof of the cathedral, to which he alone has access. Janet is full of praise and admiration for their little

friend. David says nothing, but the thought of Alice is never absent from his mind; and from henceforth the quiet, grey organist has but one aim in life—to distinguish himself, to make money, to become worthy of Alice Grey, to be able to meet her on terms of equality. Little Alice, however, knows nothing of all this. She admires David as the most wonderful man she ever saw, and she likes to be with him, and she considers it an honour to be allowed to kneel beside him and help him to copy out the MS. music for his grand oratorio. She looks forward with impatience to the time when 'Jael' shall be finished, and when it will be performed at the festival at St. Olave's; but while David is long laid up with a fever, Alice "comes out" in the St. Olave's world—is admired and happy, and soon engages herself to be married to Mrs. Scrymgeour's nephew, a rich and fascinating young clergyman; and a very proper marriage it is reckoned in the Close, giving satisfaction even to Mrs. Scrymgeour herself, who has every reason to believe that Mrs. Amiel Grey will settle the whole of her property upon her niece. Alice thinks Cuthbert "very nice and kind," and believes she shall like to be married and live at Grassthorpe Rectory; but the poor Bruce family meanwhile are nearly forgotten, and David goes to London to arrange matters about his oratorio, without having heard anything about the Rev. Cuthbert Scrymgeour, and without having told Alice the real end and aim of all his ambitious views.

It would be a pity to unfold the rest of the story, for the whole book is worth reading, and the *finale* is brought about in a happy and unexpected manner.

*Supplementary Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of Field-Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington.* Edited by his Son, the Duke of Wellington, K.G. Vol. X. (Murray.)

*On fait la guerre en vue d'avoir la paix* is rarely so true as Grotius intended it to be, but was never more true than in 1815. Peace was then, if it ever is, the daughter of war, and the Duke of Wellington campaigned as if with the express purpose of shelving himself for life. Few men, of course, came out of the field so luckily. There is little further promotion in this world for a Duke, Field-Marshal, Knight of the Garter and conqueror of Napoleon to strive after. With most others, Waterloo was the drop-scene of an unripe career; with the Duke it was the grand gold and purple glorification which gave him finally to fame, or, as Charles Abbott, Speaker, expressed it, "left the nations of the world no longer in doubt to what name they must thenceforward ascribe the pre-eminence for military genius and unconquerable valour." But there can be no doubt that, irrespective of every personal consideration, he then made war for the simple sake of peace, or that his policy, representing the views of the British Cabinet, was in exact accord with that of Europe generally, Bonaparte not excepted, as some persist in believing. They were all weary of fighting, and the Kings and Emperors especially detested a war with a Revolution at the head of it. What might not the Czar fear, from the effect of example, when an artillery subaltern sat on the throne of France? And yet these monarchs and commanders who exchanged so many and such fervid congratulations after the mighty triumph of Waterloo either mistook the nature of their own work or made an imbecile use of it. Forty years of war procured barely forty years of peace, and how, if the profit and loss were balanced, would the general account stand? Dynastically and politically speaking, Waterloo

was a failure. It failed for France, for Russia, for Austria, for Spain, for the Netherlands, for Belgium, for Greece, for Turkey, for the Old World and the New. It failed in reviving the Bourbons and in stifling the Bonapartes. It secured liberty nowhere, and brought England very doubtful allies. But does it follow that mankind have not benefited by Waterloo? Events are not the less great because followed by other consequences than those which were prophesied in the market-place. The Crimean campaign did not liberate Poland, but it checked Russia; Solferino, while it disappointed Rome, emancipated Lombardy; and Waterloo put down the suicide of France—the restless, fevered, meddling energy of a nation whose history, reduced, if we may so speak, to an average, gives it scarcely ten years of peace to fifty years of war since the coronation of Charlemagne.

Perhaps, however, Waterloo accomplished much in disgusting Europe with war. The sense of relief experienced throughout the civilized world after that day of blood finds utterance through a thousand channels, and must have been in itself indescribable. On all sides it was repeated, that such a war had been closed as should not again be commenced without causes the most mighty and solemn. Nor have the armed powers forgotten their experience of the past century. It has been found impossible, since that 18th of June, to provoke a general contest. The dynasties have sanctioned revolutions rather than go back to the principles of the Coblenz coalition. But, on the other hand, though usurpations have not, on an extended scale, been permitted, each nation has been at war diplomatically, ever since Waterloo, with all the others. Russia, Austria, Prussia, France and Great Britain have had their incessant correspondence—correspondence between governments being nothing less than a bloodless mode of making war; the minor states have had their grievances, appeals, protectorates and mutilations; and France, notwithstanding the defeat of 1815, has played the most winning game of any,—England excepted; because, in spite of the Sepoy Mutiny, the Indian realm of England is larger and richer, and her colonial empire more splendidly developed. France in Africa, Russia in Asia, Austria on the Danube, and Prussia in the North have pursued persistently their separate objects, but all have shrunk from a general war. The German Confederacy quailed before a threat of it in 1849. The same menace was effectual in the Crimea. It was supreme in front of the Quadrilateral. Twice it has privileged the Greeks to take their own independent part. It sacrificed Cracow and consecrated Belgium. The first Waterloo did not accomplish all this. It was the fear of a second, since a great part of what has been done defies the shattered settlements of 1815, prospers in spite of them, repudiates their authority, and exults in a sentiment similar to that of the great Captain, who asked what a treaty was? and answered himself, "A penful of ink."

These last commentaries of the Duke of Wellington upon the war which ended in 1815 suggest a miscellany of reflections upon the event at Waterloo and the results which flowed from it. There are so many mutual felicitations; there is such thanksgiving and expectancy; all the armies stand at ease; international love is made the subject of a hundred diplomatic essays; and, as we have noted, there has since been no general war. Well and good. But has there been a general peace? By no means. We have had our slaughter by instalments. India, China, Canada, the Crimea, the Baltic, Silistria and Navarino, speak for England; the Czar has not put down a soldier; France is more naval and

military than ever; Austria cannot afford to dispense with a single sentinel or casemate; and Prussia is little better than crowned pipe-clay. So that, from this point of view, war is a mistake—no matter what may be written by jurists about natural rights and the common sense of mankind. But, as a French writer once observed, granted that Waterloo was a failure, what would England or Europe have been without it? That is the question. Doubtless a hundred others, equally pertinent, might be suggested. Suppose France could only be legally governed by queens? The answer comes easily: France would have broken the law and been ruled by a man. France only obeys the laws of Nature because she cannot help doing so; and even in this respect she protests, if she does not revolutionize.

France, setting an example to England, has of late been diverting itself with original accounts of Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington, in these newly-published papers, speaks of himself as the only competent authority upon that topic. Napoleon, unhappily for his own reputation, proved himself incapable of candour; and Blucher's account was necessarily partial. But Napoleon, it may be admitted, took a wider survey than the Duke of the consequences likely to follow such a battle and such a downfall of the French military power. The discussion, however, whether as to the policy or as to the incidents of the campaign, has lately been so warm and so minute that it would be fatiguing to go over the ground again, even with the guidance of Wellington; but this tenth volume of fragments contains, nevertheless, much documentary evidence which is interesting and valuable. It opens with a despatch from the Duke of York to Wellington, signifying his appointment as Commander of the British Forces serving on the Continent of Europe. Several of the subsequent letters exchanged between the Field-Marshal and Ministers at home illustrate a very jealous and quarrelsome state of things among the Allied Powers—particularly as regarded the rival pretensions of Austria and Prussia. Among these, Lord Liverpool's eighteen questions are very important, as bearing on the history of the political mind of England at that period. So are the Duke's notes on the conduct of Metternich and the Austrian Cabinet, which gained so largely by the victory and did so little to help it. "Metternich has, as usual, left us in the lurch," was a phrase that did not apply only to the day on which it was written—April 9th, 1815.

"I wish to God you had a better army!" wrote General Torrens, on the same day, from Ghent to Brussels; but the Duke was then acting scarcely so much in a military as in a political capacity. On the 11th of April he wrote to Lord Castlereagh:—

"I have since seen Monsieur, who had sent that person to me, having previously informed me that he wished to speak to me; and he told me that the truth was that the Jacobin party in France, and a great proportion of the army, looked to place the Duc d'Orléans on the throne. Monsieur protested repeatedly that he entertained no suspicions of the Duc d'Orléans, but that he was certain the subject had been more than once mentioned to the Duke, and that he could not help thinking that his conduct in absenting himself from the King at the present moment was very extraordinary. I told him that I thought he ought to attribute his conduct to two motives: first, his desire to see his family; and, secondly, his feeling that he was unjustly suspected by the persons about the King, and his desire to keep out of the way on that account. I think it proper to mention this circumstance immediately to you, in order that you may be prepared with a decision, or that at all events you may make me acquainted with the principles on

which you think our language and conduct ought to be guided in regard to it. I entertain no doubt that the Duc d'Orléans is thought of. I heard of such a notion when I was at Paris; and you will observe that the calling the Duc d'Orléans to the throne is the only acceptable middle term between Buonaparte, the army, and the Jacobins, on the one hand, and the King and violent émigrés on the other."

This is interesting. Not less so the following:

"The Emperor of Russia detests, and is decidedly against the Bourbons. If Buonaparte should be assassinated or killed in battle, or in any other manner put out of the way, he will in my opinion adopt any third person instead of the King; and I know he has gone so far as to think of marrying the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg to his sister, and of making him King of France."

In those days the Duke thought very ill of the Czar, and said of Cathcart, "the worst of him is that he is disposed to pay great deference to the Emperor of Russia's opinion"; but then he was for cutting all discussions short in view of a sharp campaign, and in the same letter wrote, "I don't want a diplomatist." Before the month of April closed he reported from Brussels—

"I confess that every day's experience convinces me that there is but little chance of restoring the poor King. Clancarty's last private letter to you speaks volumes upon this subject. In fact, the matter may be stated as arranged. Moutron brought to Talleyrand intelligence of what we know to be the wishes and intentions of the Jacobins and the army; and Talleyrand sent him back with a declaration of the intentions of the Allies upon the same point. I consider the point, therefore, as settled with respect to the King; and it remains to be seen who will be taken instead of him. You see, however, the degree of indifference of the Emperor of Russia, or rather prejudice, against the legitimate Bourbons."

"Our object," he added, "should be, if possible, to restore the King, as the measure most likely to insure the tranquillity of Europe for a short time"—a very hollow basis for a battle of Waterloo! Russia was just then petitioning England for money, and, as the Duke writes, pressing "the King of France in a very urgent manner to take a popular and even Jacobinical line on his arrival in France, to call a National Assembly; and," Wellington remarks, "it is useless to reason upon these schemes, which are as inconsistent with the wishes of our Government as they are with the wishes and interests of the King."

On the Battle of Waterloo there are, in this volume, some remarkable additional commentaries by the Duke himself. Of these, one is lengthy; but others present the same points within a narrower compass. The first is dated from Cambrai, April 10th, 1816:—

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Sir John Sinclair, and is much obliged to him for the account of the defence of Hougoumont. The battle of Waterloo is undoubtedly one of the most interesting events of modern times, but the Duke entertains no hopes of ever seeing an account of all its details which shall be true. The detail even of the defence of Hougoumont is not exactly true; and the Duke begs leave to suggest to Sir John Sinclair that the publication of details of this kind which are not exact cannot be attended with any utility."

The second is also from Cambrai, and addressed to Sir John Sinclair. It is not a very pleasing letter:—

"I have received your letter of the 20th. The people of England may be entitled to a detailed and accurate account of the battle of Waterloo, and I have no objection to their having it; but I do object to their being misinformed and misled by those novels called 'Relations,' 'Impartial Accounts,' &c. &c., of that transaction, containing the stories which curious travellers have picked up from peasants, private soldiers, individual officers,

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&c. &c., and have published to the world as the truth. Hougoumont was no more fortified than La Haye Sainte; and the latter was not lost for want of fortifications, but by one of those accidents from which human affairs are never entirely exempt. I am really disgusted with and ashamed of all that I have seen of the battle of Waterloo. The number of writings upon it would lead the world to suppose that the British army had never fought a battle before; and there is not one which contains a true representation, or even an idea, of the transaction; and this is because the writers have referred as above quoted instead of to the official sources and reports. It is not true that the British army was unprepared. The story of the Greek is equally unfounded as that of Vandamme having 46,000 men, upon which last point I refer you to Marshal Ney's report, who upon that point must be the best authority."

Mr. W. Mudford fared little better:—

"Upon my return here on the 29th April I received your letter of the 13th April, and the first part of the work which you propose to dedicate to me, and I beg leave to make you my best acknowledgments for this intention. I have long, however, felt myself under the necessity of declining to give my consent that any work should be dedicated to me, with the contents of which I am not previously acquainted; and you will readily believe that I feel this necessity in a stronger degree in regard to a history of the battle of Waterloo than I should do upon any other subject. More accounts have been published of that transaction than of any other that for many years has attracted the public attention; and those who have written them have thought they possessed all the necessary information for the purpose when they have conversed with a peasant of the country, or with an officer or soldier engaged in the battle. Such accounts cannot be true; and I advert to them only to warn you against considering them as any guide to the work which you are about to publish. You now desire that I should point out to you where you could receive information on this event, on the truth of which you could rely. In answer to this desire, I can refer you only to my own despatches published in the *London Gazette*. General Alava's report is the nearest to the truth of the other *official* reports published, but even that report contains some statements not exactly correct. The others that I have seen cannot be relied upon. To some of these may be attributed the source of the falsehoods since circulated through the medium of the unofficial publications with which the press has abounded. Of these a remarkable instance is to be found in the report of a meeting between Marshal Blucher and me at La Belle Alliance; and some have gone so far as to have seen the chair on which I sat down in that farm-house. *It happens that the meeting took place after ten at night, at the village of Genappe*; and anybody who attempts to describe with truth the operations of the different armies will see that it could not be otherwise. The other part is not so material; but, in truth, I was not off my horse till I returned to Waterloo between eleven and twelve at night."

Among his earliest reports from the field was one, now for the first time printed, to Lady Frances Webster, dated Brussels, June 19th, 1815, half-past eight in the morning:—

"Lord Mountnorris may remain in Bruxelles in perfect security. I yesterday, after most severe and bloody contest, gained a complete victory, and pursued the French till after dark. They are in complete confusion; and I have, I believe, 150 pieces of cannon; and Blucher, who continued the pursuit all night, my soldiers being tired to death, sent me word this morning that he had got 60 more. My loss is immense. Lord Uxbridge, Lord FitzRoy Somerset, General Cooke, General Barnes, and Colonel Berkeley are wounded: Colonel De Lancey, Canning, Gordon, General Picton killed. The finger of Providence was upon me, and I escaped unhurt."

He was not yet sure that all was over, for on that day he urged Lord Bathurst to send him "good British infantry," for, he said, "you'll

see how we are reduced. Some of the battalions have not a hundred men."

The military interest of the Duke's career almost ceases with this volume. There remain, we believe, considerable masses of memoranda and correspondence bearing on the political annals of Europe from 1815 down to the latest years of Wellington's life—a very gallant, faithful, soldierly life, but one which neither twenty years of war nor forty years of statesmanship ripened into the life of a politician.

*The Bible: its Form and its Substance.* By Arthur P. Stanley, D.D. (J. H. & J. Parker.)

*Sermons preached before the University of Oxford: Second Series, from 1847 to 1862.* By Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford. (J. H. & J. Parker.)

We have here two clergymen who well illustrate a distinction which we have several times had to predict as on its way. First, the Bishop who has announced that he would begin his controversy with heretical clergymen by punishing them, after which he would proceed to give an authoritative announcement of the doctrine of his church. Secondly, the Regius Professor, who pronounces the Greek Church to be "the most orthodox of European Churches," that is—more orthodox than his own.

We have several times said that if the clergy are to be restrained from open discussion of doctrine, if their extra-cathedral writings are to be subjected to a restrictive and castigative censure, the whole body will at once lose their authority with the reasoning laity. Nobody will believe in their apparent uniformity of doctrine; nobody will respect conclusions which he will know the propounder was not free to reject. We see, as plainly as any one can do, the greatness of the evil which arises from clergymen advocating doctrines which are, in appearance at least,—and very likely in reality—opposed to the plain meaning of their subscriptions. But we also see the greater harm which will arise from a general conviction that a clergyman is a doctrine automaton, whose tunes are set on a barrel, of which he is only to turn the handle. Opinion will keep liberty within limits: but opinion will never make slavery respectable.

Dr. Pusey, the head of the declining Neo-Laudian school, who, as our columns have recently shown, still does business as the spiritual director of Protestant nunneries, has, in concert with some—for him—very strange associates, attempted to prosecute Prof. Jowett for heresy in the small-debt Court at Oxford. The Court has refused to act, and is threatened with an appeal to make it act. In the newspapers, the chief promoter has declared that he never held the famous "non-natural" doctrine. Jack Wilkes used in his later days to say, "I never was a Wilkite": we suppose we shall have Dr. Pusey declaring that he never was a Puseyite. Such a little parody on greater things as this small-debt movement is just what was wanted to foreshadow the results of the repressive system, if it were to become general. At the outset, the attempts of Convocation or of the Bishop of Salisbury have a certain grandeur, or at least a certain size. Let them be fully successful, and the small-debt proceedings will come on by the score. The day is past in which a few punishments can keep down thought. The spirit of inquiry is burning throughout the clerical body; and the wind which might blow out the small flame will only fan the large one. Let the thing go on, and all the minor courts in the country will be at work chopping theology, amidst the grins of the merry and the regrets of the wise.

We are compelled to say that one of those paltry prosecutions should be aimed at Dr. Stanley. His very method marks him out for suspicion. In the old schools of divinity, when the orthodox doctor sat as moderator of the disputes, we can easily imagine that he thought *Nego* and *Concedo* were either as orthodox as himself, or in the way to become so. But we cannot help thinking that he looked askance at *Distinguo*, and said to himself, I distrust that fellow. Dr. Stanley *distinguishes*. He lectures to the University upon the "sundry times and divers manners" in which God has spoken, and abandons the orthodox theory of uniform verbal inspiration. He speaks most plainly in his preface. The doctrine of equal and uniform inspiration is called by him "the Helvetic theory," as having been first systematized in the *Formula Helvética* in 1675. After adverting to the fact that the word "inspiration" is never used in the Book of Common Prayer in other than a general sense, and making large quotations from his contemporaries, he affirms that "The treatment of the Bible, according to a theory of literal inspiration, which would make every theology impossible [so far he is quoting Döllinger] can henceforth be no more imposed on the English Church." He then affirms that the Helvetic theory was not held by Jerome, by Chrysostom, by Erasmus, Luther or Calvin, by the most eminent biblical critics in Germany, France, or England. This is very plain speaking. We have nothing to do with these conclusions, so far as we are journalists: what we have to do with is the free right to discuss such matters, the grave necessity for the discussion, and the folly of those who think that they ought to destroy, or that they can impede, the progress of such discussion.

*Illustrated Natural History.* By the Rev. J. G. Wood. Vol. III., comprising the *Reptiles, Fishes and Invertebrate Animals*. (Routledge, Warne & Routledge.)

THE author of this work has long devoted himself to the production of a class of books for which there is, happily, in the present day, a large and increasing demand. The people, whether moderately or more highly educated, are awakening to a sense of all that is beautiful and interesting in nature. They are becoming aware that a walk in the country affords something more than mere bodily exercise, and that every step may bring them in contact with some object of interest, some striking example of "the wisdom of God in creation," upon which the mind dwells with the cheerful consciousness that the object of its contemplation is as pure as it is absorbing. Mr. Wood's previous smaller publications are well calculated to excite, and, as far as they go, to satisfy the growing desire for this branch of knowledge. In this object we consider that he has been engaged in a task peculiarly consistent with his sacred calling, and that on opening to the public mind the material volume of God's works, he has been cultivating one phase, and not an unimportant one, of the religion which it is his appointed office to teach.

His more extensive and elaborate work, the concluding portion of which is now before us, has a wider and more ambitious aim; for the 'Illustrated Natural History' includes the whole range of animal organization. It is essentially a popular work. It does not profess to assume the character of a complete scientific *résumé* of the animal kingdom; but it does profess to supply the public at large with general information on all the different classes of animals, and with detailed histories of the most interesting and important species.

The only work in this country with which it can be compared is the large folio of two volumes, published many years since by Mr. Charles Knight. The letter-press of that work is undoubtedly accurate, and, on the whole, satisfactorily written, and most of the illustrations are very beautiful and instructive; but as the work was "got up" for the purpose of utilizing still further the numerous wood engravings which had already been employed in other publications, the text had, in some degree, to be written to the figures, instead of the figures being executed to illustrate the text: and the general design is, consequently, not so entire as it should be. In the present case there was no such difficulty. The subjects for illustration are of the author's own choice, and the spirited publisher has furnished them with unstinted liberality, both as regards number and execution. No one, therefore, but the author himself is amenable for the manner in which the work is executed, either as regards the general arrangement or the selection of examples in each group. Upon the whole, he has well fulfilled his ostensible object, and there are fewer marks of haste than might have been reasonably expected considering the rapidity and the great regularity with which the successive numbers have appeared. The style is free and familiar, as it ought to be in a popular work, and the information is correct and varied; and this is particularly the case in what may be specially termed the history of the animals, their mode of life, their instincts and habits. The following account of the power of fascination commonly attributed to the rattlesnake may be quoted as a fair example of the manner in which a somewhat ambiguous subject is treated:—

"The food of the rattlesnake consists of rats, mice, reptiles and small birds, the latter of which creatures it is said to obtain by the exercise of a mysterious power termed fascination, the victim being held, as it were, by the gaze of its destroyer, and compelled to remain in the same spot until the serpent can approach sufficiently near to seize it. It is even said that the rattlesnake can coil itself at the foot of a tree, and by the mere power of its gaze force a squirrel or bird to descend and fling itself into the open mouth waiting to receive it. These phenomena have been strongly asserted by persons who say that they have seen them, and are violently denied by other persons who have never witnessed the process, and therefore believe that the circumstances could not have happened. For my own part, I certainly incline to the theory of fascination, thinking that the power exists and is occasionally employed, but under peculiar conditions. That any creature may be suddenly paralyzed by fear at the sight of a deadly foe is too well known to require argument; and it is therefore highly probable that a bird or a squirrel, which could easily escape from the serpent's jaws by its superior agility, might be so struck with sudden dread on seeing its worst enemy, that it would be unable to move until the reptile had seized it. \*\* Thus far there is no difficulty in accepting the theory of fascination; but the idea of a moral compulsion on the part of the snake, and a perfused obedience on the part of its victim, is so strange that it has met with very great incredulity. Still, although strange, it is not quite incredible. We all know how the immediate presence of danger causes a reckless desire to see and do the worst, and heading only the overpowering impulse that seems to move the body without the volition of the mind. \*\* Some persons acknowledge the fact that the bird approaches the snake, and is then snapped up, but explain it in a different manner. They say that the bird is engaged in mobbing or threatening the snake, just as it might follow and buffet a hawk, an owl or a raven, and in its eagerness approaches so closely that the snake is able to secure it by a sudden dart. \*\* But the many descriptions of the fascinating process are too precise to allow of such a supposition in the particular

instances which are mentioned. Even the common snake of England can exercise a similar power. I have seen one of these snakes in chase of a frog, and the intended victim, although a large and powerful specimen of its race, fully able to escape by a succession of leaps such as it would employ if chased by a human being, was only crawling slowly and painfully like a toad, its actions reminding one of those horrid visions of the night when the dreamer finds himself running or fighting for his life, and cannot move faster than a walk or strike a blow that would break a cobweb. \*\* One of my friends when in Canada saw a little bird lying on the ground, fluttering about as if dusting itself, but in a rather strange manner; and on his nearer approach, a snake glided from the spot, and the bird gathered its wings together, and flew away."

We have said that there are few indications of haste. There are, however, some which we doubt not will strike the author on a re-examination of the work preparatory to any future edition. As an example, we would mention that, at page 29, the dorsal shield of the crocodile is erroneously said to be composed of *horny* plates, whereas just before they had been correctly termed *bony*. The family of the so-called soft turtles is termed "Trionyidae." Now every one knows that in grammar derivatives are always taken from the genitive case of the primitive, and as the genitive of *trwz* is *trwzoc*, the family name should be *Trionychidae*.

One of the principal deficiencies in this work is the meagreness, in many instances, of statistical and economical information. In one number, for example, at pages 304, 316 and 319, the statistics of three of our most important species of fish, in a commercial point of view, are very imperfectly treated of. The Newfoundland cod-fishery, although constituting one of the most important fisheries in the world, and having, during the long war, furnished the most extensive and effective contingent to the manning of our Navy, is not even alluded to. The details of the herring fishery are very inadequate, and the pilchard is dismissed in half-a-dozen lines.

The illustrations are, almost without exception, excellent. There is a bold but natural character about them which is very striking, and the wood-cutting is worthy of the Brothers Dalziel, by whom all the figures are executed. What, for instance, can be more brilliant and effective than the fire-fish, at page 249, or the harp-shell, at page 337? The value, too, of that portion of the work which is devoted to the Mollusca is greatly enhanced by excellent figures of the animal inhabitants of the various shells.

This publication undoubtedly supplies a want in our Natural History literature. It is comprehensive, generally correct, popular both in its style and in the selection of its subjects, and on the whole is admirably suited for the object at which it aims, that of furnishing the masses with a safe, intelligible and well-written history of animals; whilst its cheapness renders it accessible to thousands who could not afford expensive works in detached departments of the subject.

*The Frithiof Saga: a Poem.* Translated from the Norwegian, by the Rev. R. Mucklestone, M.A. (Bell & Daldy.)

THE present translation is calculated to satisfy, at all events temporarily, a veritable want on the part of the English reader. Few are there, we presume, of those who take any kind of interest in their Scandinavian kindred, who are not acquainted by name at least, with "The Frithiof Saga," and all readers of English indeed, have long made acquaintance with one of the most esteemed productions of the

Swedish Bishop, "The Children of the Lord's Supper," in the genial version of Longfellow. But the poem itself has been hitherto a sealed book, except for the few students of Swedish among us. Versions of "The Frithiof Saga," to the number of two or three, do indeed already exist in English; but their merits have not been sufficient to make the poem in anywise popular, which a really good version would, we imagine, be calculated to do, since the relation of English to Swedish is so intimate, that it would be possible to preserve in translation much more exactly the spirit of the original than that process ordinarily admits of. *En attendant*, Mr. Mucklestone's is a free and, for the most part, a vigorous rendering; although there are many points against which we shall be constrained to enter a protest.

"The Frithiof Saga" deserves its reputation as, perhaps, the most perfect poem on a large scale which has been based on Scandinavian legend, and the life and manners of the Northern Vikingr before the introduction of Christianity.

EWALD, indeed, the Danish poet, has left a very fine poem on the death of Balder. Oehlenschläger has splendidly dramatized many heroic and tragic incidents from Norse history, and has, besides, written "Helg,"—a fine poem of an epic character, which Tegner has not disdained to declare was, if not the model, at least the moving cause of "The Frithiof Saga." But Ewald's poem, although full of the author's usual fire and energy, is not so true as Tegner's to antiquarian research; and Oehlenschläger's production is, among the mass of his compositions, by no means so carefully elaborated or so successful in its form as its Swedish successor.

"The Frithiof Saga" is worked up out of the incidents of the original old Saga of that name, as it comes down to us, in the same way as Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" are built upon the old Welsh legends of King Arthur. The events of the Saga are supposed to have veritably happened about the beginning of the eighth century of the Christian era; and, as in the case of the "Saga of Burnt Njal," translated by Dr. Dasent, there are localities still bearing the same names as those mentioned in the legend, or connected in designation with the names of its personages. The main story of the poem is very brief.—Ingeborg was the daughter of King Belè, who had likewise two sons,—the dark and evil-hearted Helgè and the thoughtless Halfdan. Frithiof was the son of Thorstein, a Bondè, yeoman, or rather free land-owner, just below a Jarl, the true friend and brother-in-arms of Belè, his king, whose kingdom he helped to rule in peace and defend in war. The mothers of Ingeborg and Frithiof being dead, they were brought up together in the house of Hilding, their foster-father, and consequently became attached to each other. The old King Belè and his friend Thorstein died, recommending their sons, with their last breath, to remain united in friendship. Soon after, Frithiof, in full Thing, or assembly, demands the hand of Ingeborg in marriage of her brothers, the sons of Belè, but is rejected with insult, and Ingeborg is placed under the protection of Balder's temple, to secure her from the visits of Frithiof, who, nevertheless, violates the sanctity of the sacred precincts by forcing his way into them, and betrothing Ingeborg by means of a golden arm-ring curiously carved, one of the heirlooms of his family, which plays a great part in the narrative. Ring, a neighbouring and aged warrior, now makes war on the two brothers, and demands the hand of Ingeborg. Helgè and Halfdan upon this demand the service of Frithiof, who is brooding, like a Northern Achilles, over his

wrongs, but on their summons comes once more to the Thing, and offers his assistance in return for Ingeborg's hand; but Helge again refuses him, not only because he is the son of a Bondi, but because he is hateful to the gods as the desecrator of Balder's temple. He, moreover, banishes him for ever from the land, until he has crossed the sea and brought back the tribute due from Argantyr, Jarl of the Orkney Islands. Frithiof, on the advice of Ingeborg, departs on his mission, and brings back the tribute, but returns only to find his lands laid waste and his house burnt to ashes at the commands of Helge. The brothers have married Ingeborg to King Ring. Frithiof, full of rage, enters the temple of Balder, where the dark Helge and the thoughtless Halfdan are sacrificing. Frithiof strode up and stood before Helge, and hurled the purse full of tribute-money into his face, and laid him senseless (the old Saga says he knocked out two front teeth). He then spied the bracelet he had left with Ingeborg on the arm of the image of the god Balder: in his rage he rushed to seize it, overthrew the statue upon the fire of the altar; and in the confusion which ensued, not only the image of Balder, but the whole temple was consumed to ashes. Frithiof has now the ban of exile upon him, and takes to the life of a Viking for some years; at the end of which time he visits the court of King Ring and Ingeborg in disguise. Ring, who knows all the story of the loves of Ingeborg and Frithiof, recognizes the terrible Viking in the disguise of a herdsman, yet, nevertheless, entertains him hospitably, and puts his life in his power. Finding the good faith and honour of Frithiof proof against all temptation, and his own decaying strength now unequal to the task of government in those wild times, he leaves his wife, child and kingdom to Frithiof, and rips himself up with a sword, after the manner of the old Norsemen. On his death, Frithiof is elected king in his room; he makes atonement to Balder by the erection of a new and splendid temple. One of the brothers, Helge, the dark and evil-souled, came to a bad end in warring against the Finns; but with the other, Halfdan, who was only thoughtless, Frithiof was reconciled, and hero and heroine were united by his hand.

Such is the story, in which Tegner in a few points only has departed from the original. It may be doubted whether, interesting as the romance doubtless is in itself, and sufficient for the purposes of the minor epic, it has real purport and sufficient depth about it to make it suitable for an epic of the larger order. But, waiving this point, the greatest mistake which Tegner made, in our opinion, is in the adoption of the fashion of writing it in a series of ballads of different metres. He has undoubtedly shown great skill in choosing the measures of his ballads, so that they shall be characteristic of the portion of the story under treatment; but the general sweep, current and continuity of the tale is destroyed by this continual break of gauge. The mind in reading a poem gets into an habitual swing adapted to the metre in which it is written, and which seems to belong to it; but every change of rhythm brings with it new associations, and dispels the charm of continuous illusion. Besides this, the poem of Tegner wants sublimity, partly from his ballad-way of treating his subject, and partly by the limitations of his creative faculties: he never, as is the case with all great epic poets, fills a large canvas; he has no descriptions of majestic assemblages, magnificent armies and multitudinous conflicts—no exalting portraiture of any kind, little depth of feeling, small power

of conception of character, and no tragic or dramatic situations, with the exception of the one parting scene between Frithiof and Ingeborg, which, though cold, is very different in both feeling and execution from all the rest of the poem. Nevertheless, the poem has great merits from the clearness and freshness with which every thought and conception are embodied and portrayed, the true poetry and naturalness of its imagery, and the sound and healthy feeling which predominates throughout the whole, and presides over the inevitable combination of some modern sentiments into the feelings and actions of former times, however truly rendered. Some of the most successful portions of 'The Frithiof Saga' are the embodiment of precepts into lines which read with all the terseness and strength of old proverbs: the advice given by the dying King Bile and by Thorstein to their sons is one sample; another is the "Vikingabalk," or the rules of the Viking code, which is rendered as well by Mr. Mucklestone as any portion of the poem.—

Then a daring sea-rovers he swept o'er the main,  
Like a falcon that hunts on the wave;  
But stern was the rule he ordain'd for his men;  
Wilt thou list to the law that he gave?—

Foe abide in each house, rest thou rather on board;  
Unsheath'd on deck shalt thou lie;  
On his shield sleep the Viking, his hand on his sword,  
And his tent is the starry blue sky

In length but an ell is the sharp sword of Frey,  
Short the hammer of conquering Thor;  
Is thy falchion too short? go thine enemy nigh!  
Thou 'lt complain of its shortness no more.

In tempests hoist high on the topmast thy sail,  
Hoist it higher the wilder they sweep;  
But to strike it disdain in the stormiest gale;  
Ere thou strike meet thy grave in the deep.

Seek thy maiden on shore; woo her not on the wave;  
Were she Freya herself, yet beware!  
For the dimple that lurks in her cheek is a grave,  
And her tresses a glittering snare.

Wine's the drink of the gods, and a revel is good,  
Yet be sure that thy wits thou retain;  
If thou stagger when here, and are lost in the flood,  
Thou 'lt awake in the chambers of Ran.

Protect thou the merchant that crosses the main,  
But his ransom must fairly be told;  
Thou art king of the seas, he's the vassal of gain,  
And thy steel is as good as his gold.

When the battle is o'er, and thou rest from thy toil,  
Cast the dice, and the boody divide:  
But the sea-king himself casts no lot for the spoil,  
He's content with the glory and pride.

Does a Viking approach? Lo! the charge and the fight,  
And warn is the work under shield;  
Wouldst thou still bide with us? let thy courage burn  
bright,

We reach thee one step if thou yield.

Art thou victor? be mild! he for mercy that prays  
Bears no sword, is no longer thy foe;  
Prayer is Valhalla's child; list the word that he says—  
He's a craven that answers him "No."

As an illustration of Tegner's finer poetical diction, the following passage may be cited, the imagery of which, if it has not been adopted by Tennyson, is quite Tennysonian:—

Oh! what is woman if she rives asunder  
The link with which Allfather's will hath bound  
Her helpless being, to the strong one's arm?  
Her emblem is the pallid water-lily  
Upon the lake, which rocketh to and fro  
As the waves urge her; whilst her tender head  
Bears the rude shock of each unheeding keel.  
If she maintains her station, with her root  
Fast-grounded in the sandy depths below,  
She keeps her worth; and from the stars above  
Borrows her delicate charms; herself a star  
In the deep firmament of water blue.  
But if she once break loose, she drives at random,  
A wither'd leaf upon the billows wild.

We would, however, by no means mislead our readers to think that there is the slightest similarity of thought or sentiment between Tegner and Tennyson. Tegner is rather a sort of compound between Longfellow and Sir Walter Scott,—uniting the clear and limpid expression and well-defined thought of the one with the deeper love of antiquity and sustained power of romance of the other. Tegner's favourite authors were, indeed, Ariosto and Sir

Walter Scott, whom Byron has finely called the Ariosto of the North. The passion of romance seized Tegner when quite a child: he knew at the earliest age passages of Ossian by heart, and used to stalk about declaiming the speeches of Oscar and Morven, wielding and tossing a mock spear and wearing a mock helmet. He had a horror of all German mysticism and obscurity, declaring that dark expressions came from dark conceptions:—

Det dunkelt sagda, ic det dunkelt tankta.

He said the proper image of the Northern-Swedish nature was a cold, clear, but fresh winter day, which steels and braces all the energy of man to contend against an unwilling soil. 'Axel' is perhaps, after all, the most perfect though not the most ambitious of his productions. It is a romance of the Walter Scott order, applied to incidents and characters of the time of Charles the Twelfth.

Mr. Mucklestone's translation may be generally characterized as meritorious, although he has permitted himself to step beyond the limits of authority conceded to a translator by endeavouring to improve upon his author and omitting and abbreviating scenes. He has, for instance, omitted the Skating scene, which Tegner purposely put in, in order to fill up his delineation of Northern life. Mr. Mucklestone thinks a hero on skates cannot support the dignity of an epic, although he gives us the hero and his friend at chess. It is a misfortune that he has chosen to translate from the Danish version of Foss and Monsen, and not from Tegner's own Swedish. Moreover, we are surprised, considering that the general execution of the translation is good, that a lover of Northern song should make use of such a number of obsolete pseudo-poetic words, of Latin origin or use, such as "beauteous," "beneficent," &c.,—to find our extinct friend Sol "beaming" over wastes of Norland snow, and "angelic" ministers in attendance on the heroes of Valhalla. Nevertheless, but for these mishaps, Mr. Mucklestone's translation may be read with pleasure.

*Wilhelmina Schröder-Devrient: a Contribution to the History of Musical Drama*—[*Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient: ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des musikalischen Drama*, von Alfred Baron von Wolzogen]. (Leipzig, Brockhaus.)

MUSICAL biography here receives an interesting addition in a book carefully made, by an accomplished writer, who has the fullest sympathy with his subject,—the artistic life of Madame Schroeder-Devrient. With much in her character to fascinate and engage, a sort of wild, enthusiastic earnestness, which she brought with her from the stage into society, there was, unhappily, in her private history as much to regret; and this, though impossible to be concealed, it was necessary and graceful for her biographer to touch on lightly. She sacrificed her happiness, her career, her life, to the ceaseless indulgence of passion (if it deserve the name). The few friends who were not alienated from her till the last, had to go through a perpetual penance of forgetting and forgiving. Possibly, as a child she had been ill trained; it has been often said so; it is more certain that she was singularly hard to train, that she had no exalted standards of virtue before her, and was thrown by her birth into the cauldron of fever and excitement which seethes in every theatre. Her artistic education was somewhat peculiar, and exercised an influence on her whole after-career. The flexible beauty of her person and the vivacity of her temperament prompted her mother to make of her a mime and dancer, in which characters she first appeared on the

tage. Later came signs of a voice, an inheritance from her father, who was a redoubtable singer (the best *Don Juan*, it has been said, that ever appeared in Germany); and she was then subjected to vocal tuition. But either she was a rebellious scholar, or her teaching was not complete, or the dramatic influence of her mother (the Siddons of Germany) predominated. It is certain, at least, that though her voice was a real powerful *soprano*, sufficient in compass and in quality, it can never have been thoroughly subjugated and smoothed, so as to bring it to a level with those of the Italian opera queens. She was always at the antipodes to Mara, who, on being remonstrated with as lifeless in one of her parts, replied "Would you have me sing with my arms and legs? What I cannot do with my voice I will not do at all." Then, in Germany, even so early as when Wilhelmina Schroeder began her career, times had changed since the days when Graun devised the *bravura* in 'Agrippina' (since so wonderfully revived by Madame Viardot), to display the "nest of nightingales," as Goethe phrased it, in Mara's throat. The antagonism of the instrumental and vocal schools had set in; and with it the one-sided prejudice that one branch of the art must needs be neglected for the sake of another. Hence the incompleteness of Wilhelmina Schroeder—which was to be felt whenever she attempted Italian opera—did not render her less acceptable to her countrymen, who had already begun to pit what they call Nature against the refinements of singing. Compared with some of her predecessors and contemporaries, such as the Milder Hauptmann, who would never sing Italian music—because she could not,—Wilhelmina Schroeder was volatile. All these reasons explain why, on this side of the Channel and in Paris, it was as *Agatha* in 'Der Freischütz,'—as *Leonora* in 'Fidelio,'—as *The Lady in 'Macbeth'* (Chélerd's),—as *Euryanthe*, she pleased;—as *Donna Anna* more moderately,—as *Norma* and *Amina* very little. At home, she was during many years triumphant in German, French and Italian opera. As time went on her want of pure vocal skill, and her habit of intensifying expression to the last point, and "after the last" (as *Millamant* hath it), so as to meet the requirements of national taste, so far impaired her voice as to throw it off the balance which singer and actor should always preserve in musical drama. Her singing did not cease to be strenuous, but her action became too much so. Her style, in brief, was made coarse. She would be seen first and foremost, whether fairly or unfairly. She had recourse to the false effect of speaking certain words of her part written to be sung, by way of giving a semblance of immediate reality to its most poignant passages. She showed herself increasingly mindful of the splendour of her fair, profuse hair,—increasingly willing to display her person, after it had become matronly. These—so many signs of an unsettled brain, an aching heart, a burning exacting desire—may have prefigured the changes in her melancholy private life; each of which marked a descent down that ladder of false steps, which very few women can re-ascend. Her affectionate heart, her quick fancy, her keen appreciation of beauty in art and nobility in character,—precious ingredients for the best happiness which mortals can enjoy,—in her case contributed only so many materials to a mournful wreck. She was—to sum up—a great, perhaps the greatest, modern German operatic singer,—Sontag not counting as such, nor Mlle. Jenny Lind,—a remarkable, if not an unimpeachable actress (her *Leonora* being her best character),—a gifted woman, but as unhappy as richly gifted.

In tracing a career leading through so many whirlpools, and over so many sunken rocks, the Baron Alfred von Wolzogen is to be praised for a union of sincerity with delicacy too rare among biographers. Genially, wholly, German as he is, his appreciation of musical art, as displayed on the stage, is singularly clear of narrowness. He shows what we are bound to think a sound judgment, seeing that his opinions are mostly coincident with those advocated in this journal. Great pains have been taken by him to collect and arrange all the facts of Madame Schroeder-Devrient's professional career. Lastly, the style, in which the story of her stage triumphs, the intimations of her private history, and the criticisms on her art, is+ conveyed, though national, and insomuch relishing, is singularly clear of those overstrained fantasies and delicacies, which impair English pleasure in too many German biographies of men and—more emphatically still—women of genius.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*True as Steel.* By Walter Thornbury. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—'True as Steel,' was the motto of the Free Suabian Knight, the Ritter Goetz von Berlichingen, the Knight of the Iron Hand. He had his own peculiar notions of right and wrong. Some of his enemies called him a robber, because he enforced his own rights of taking toll of merchants and travellers who had to pass through his domains or over his ford of the Neckar, below his castle, in return for which he gave them protection and safe conduct; but he was in other things the soul of honour. He was a brave champion for freedom during the progress of the Reformation in Germany; he headed the Suabian peasants in their war; but he was the tool of crafty men; for he was single-hearted and straightforward, and had none of the serpent's wisdom. His estates were all confiscated, and he himself thrown into prison, where he died. Goethe has made him familiar to all readers, and the good Knight wrote his own autobiography, and now, in these latter days, Mr. Thornbury has taken what he found most characteristic in both, and, gathering up all he could learn from tradition of the times of Charles the Fifth, Luther and Erasmus, or that has been illustrated in contemporary pictures by Holbein and Albert Durer, has made out of these materials an historical novel of a rather old school of literary art. It is no slight praise to say that if 'True as Steel' were given to a boy, it would take hold of his affections; thanks to the character of the hero, and the loving admiration with which Mr. Thornbury has treated him. Mr. Thornbury has skill in writing pictures; there is scarcely a page in which some stirring scene is not thrown into a clear, well-defined shape, briefly set forth in well-chosen words. The story is interesting, and, although it is historical and carefully got up in its details, it is neither tedious nor theatrical.

*A Daughter of Eve: a Novel.* By Hain Friswell. 2 vols. (Bentley.)—This 'Daughter of Eve' is a Surrey romantic drama. It would cut up into "lengths," and could be put upon the stage much as it stands. The dialogue is of the most conventional type; the characters are all dressed for their parts, and the incidents are exactly such as happen on the stage in romantic drama, and nowhere else. There is a certain fascinating and highly reprehensible Count de La Biche, who seems to have passed his life in going through mock marriages with beautiful young ladies, and leaving them to their fate, which produces complications. He meddles in politics and conspiracies also, and is mixed up with Orsini, whom, however, he betrays. The end of all is a duel on very French principles, with an eye apparently to certain distinguished tragedians. The stage directions are elaborate. There is cleverness in the book, but it is so utterly factitious and unreal, so entirely a story of the footlights, that it is impossible to read it with any pleasure.

*Such Things Are.* By the Author of 'Recommended to Mercy.' 3 vols. (Saunders, Otley

& Co.)—This old Minerva-press title heads a novel that is entirely unintelligible. It is made up of dark hints—scraps of conversation—characters introduced with the profusion of supernumeraries in a pantomime, who come and go in perplexing inconsequence. They have all done something they should not do—men and women alike; but what it is the reader is never told. The heroine, who opens the story, is living with a ruffian-like man, whom she calls her father, at a sea-side village in Wales. She goes through danger and fatigue in one night enough to have served for the hero of one of Mr. G. P. R. James's novels; being first wrecked in a violent storm, through which she swims towards shore, where she is rescued by a handsome coastguard's-man, her father taking no heed of her whatever; she afterwards walks a distance of two miles in the same storm, and narrowly escapes being dashed down a precipice; after which she is married to her preserver: and then the novel goes off to other people, and nothing but hints are ever heard of her again. She, indeed, appears once or twice, but nothing intelligible is told of her, except that she and her husband live unhappily. Allusion is made to some dreadful murder, and she turns pale; and she has an odious maid who domineers over her, taken at her father's request. The novel then rambles into a labyrinth of other things and people, all narrated in the same accidental manner. This maid is recognized as the servant of the house where the murder had been committed; in a rage at something she overhears, this woman denounces her mistress as a depraved woman, and also as the person who had been suspected of having had a hand in the murder; whereupon the husband falls down and breaks a blood-vessel. What the murder was, or who the wife really is, the reader is not told. The author calmly promises to wind up the story in another novel, to be hereafter written. There is a Lord George Annesley, who has worked much woe to the female members of this rambling story. One of them, Constance by name, seems to have sustained worse than a broken heart, and there are mysterious allusions to antecedent portions of her brief history which are never told. A man appears, threatens her vaguely with his vengeance, and declares he will reveal some terrible secret about her; but he dies, poisoned by strichnine, given apparently by the gentle Constance herself; but who or what the man is, the reader is left in ignorance of. Under these circumstances we close the last volume.

*Ada Fortescue: a Novel.* 3 vols. (Newby.)—'Ada Fortescue' is a wonderfully silly novel: remarkable only for the entire want of any sense of delicacy in the author. The heroine is a very young lady, who, being left by her parents at home for a few days, makes a clandestine marriage with a young man who had been their guest—lives with him in their house until their return—keeps the marriage secret—has a clandestine baby, and not until her husband, proposing to commit suicide, sends the child, then four years old, to its mother, does she inform her parents what she has done; and because her father is extremely indignant at his daughter's folly and treachery there are no bounds to the hard words the author bestows on him. The remainder of the story is too foolish to specify.

*A Prodigal Son.* By Dutton Cook. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—This 'Prodigal Son' begins well. The death-bed of the bitter, imperious father—the interview between him and his longestranged son—the final quarrel and the irreparable separation are all well and powerfully managed; but this good beginning is soon overclouded, and the story goes off into nonsense and fulosity. The prodigal son marries a charming girl, and is a happy model husband, with an intimate friend very much inclined to fall in love with his wife; but that is only a testimony to her charms, for he knows it would be of no use to speak, so he holds his tongue. All is as pleasant as possible, when one morning a dreadful French woman calls in the husband's absence, and tells Violet that she is his first and lawful wife, and shows letters which seem confirmation strong. Violet believes her, and, after fainting away, snatches up

her child and rushes away back to her home. Then the story stands still, to give an elaborate account of a pantomime plot and scenery, in which the wicked wife has to enact a good angel, but meets with an accident which nearly kills her. The prodigal son (who deserves his name) really had married her, in a fit of enthusiasm, when he was a boy, but he had believed her to be dead. It turns out that she had a husband at the time. Finally, all is made right; but the reader has lost all interest or belief in the story, which has quite fallen to pieces, and has no more cohesion than the plot of a pantomime; it is altogether inferior to what the author of 'Paul Foster's Daughter' ought to write.

*The Mistakes of a Life: a Novel.* By Mrs. J. Hubback. 3 vols. (Newby).—'The Mistakes of a Life' is very dreary reading. A wilful young woman is made an heiress by an injudicious relative, who leaves her everything, and the rest of the family nothing,—coupled with foolish restrictions and injunctions, which have the effect of making the fortune a misfortune to her. Mrs. Hubback does not make the story interesting. The reader cares nothing for the heroine, who imprudently marries an Italian, is tyrannized over by his family, and finally thrown off by her husband, and left stranded and miserable, her hopes thwarted and her mistakes irretrievable. The style is not pleasant, and the book is not an agreeable one. Mrs. Hubback has done better things, and will, we hope, do so again.

*Christmas at the Cross Keys.* By Kenner Deane. (Newby).—This 'Christmas at the Cross Keys' is a clap-trap story—a distant imitation of the style of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Wilkie Collins. The sentiments are grotesquely exaggerated; the story itself is in strong black and white, with no intermediate shades, and is, on the whole, as foolish a tale as could well be written. The proud family of the Clydes of Clyde Chase has fallen into a confusion of debt and mortgage; the only son is in love with the pretty daughter of the landlady of the Cross Keys, and instead of marrying her, as the hero of a Christmas Pantomime ought to do, he makes love to an ugly heiress, who will not have him. A man disguised in a red wig (who is a returned digger) comes and forecloses the mortgage on the Chase, consoles Rose for her faithless Harlequin, reveals himself, by taking off his wig, as a long-lost brother, who is come back from over sea, worth three hundred thousand pounds. Of course, he embraces his brother, gives him back the family estate, buys another for himself, marries Rose, and the story ends in all happiness and pure love. The style is detestable, as all imitations are and must be.

#### SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

*Synthetic Division in Arithmetic.* By G. Suffield, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.).—Mr. Suffield is the Examiner whom our readers may remember to have got into disgrace at Cambridge for plucking incompetency and admitting fractions with concrete terms. The University has mended on both points; and Mr. Suffield's radicalism has done good. This tract on arithmetic is an ingenious and independent speculation, akin to what has been known as "synthetic division," and leading to great simplification of certain cases of division. We shall set our readers dividing by 9, in a new fashion, as follows: Mr. Suffield simplifies every division in which the divisor ends with nine, or nines.

9) 4 0 3 2 8 6 7 9 1 0 2 8  
4 4 8 0 9 6 3 1 0 1 1 4—rem. 2.

Write the first figure (4) in the second place; add it to the one above, and write the sum, or the unit of the sum, in the next place. But whenever the figure about to be written down will, with the one under which it is to be written, make up 9 or more, write down one more. Thus the processes are 4; 4+0=4; 4+3=7, but 7+2=9, write down 8; 8+2=10, write down the 0; 0+8=8, and 8+6 is more than 9, write down 8+1, or 9; 9+6=15, write down not 5, but 6; and so on. The processes for 9, 99, &c. are, we believe, those of what is already known as synthetic division:

Mr. Suffield simplifies 29, 799, &c. After writing the above it struck us that there must be some corresponding mode of dividing by 11; and we soon hit on the following, as very likely others have done before us. Write down the first figure second, then subtract it from the one above (or from ten more, if needful), and write down the result in the next place. Go on in this way, with the following changes.—1. when going to write down a figure, if the figure above it be less, write down one less 2. When 0 would be written down, and the lower figure is one which has been reduced by the last rule, write down 9 instead of 0. As follows:—

11) 2 1 3 8 4 9 6 5 7 3 2 9 6 4 6 1

1 9 4 4 0 8 7 7 9 3 9 0 5 8 7—rem. 4.

We leave the reader to detect for himself a certain variation in one case of the remainder, and wish him all success.

*Dual Arithmetic: a New Art.* By Oliver Byrne. (Bell & Daldy).—The author has developed, with ingenuity and labour, a method depending on the reduction of any number to the form—

$$a (1-1)^m \times (1-01)^n \times (1-001)^p, \&c.$$

This is all we can say. Our mathematical readers can now judge whether they will investigate the matter. The foundations of the system are not very clearly explained; and the author promises some further explanations in works to come. We have no hope of any general use of this system; but all such attempts are suggestive, and there may be classes of questions which this reduction may suit.

*Tables of Compound Interest and Annuities.* By A. H. Turnbull. (Edinburgh, Black).—This is a good set of tables—yearly, as far as 80 years; half-yearly, as far as 40 years; quarterly, as far as 20 years. The rates are 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 6 per cent. yearly; by quarters, from 3 to 5, with 5½, half-yearly; by halves, from 3 to 5½, quarterly. The answers are given in decimals to seven places, and in currency to pence and hundredths. There are subsidiary tables for conversion of stock.

*A Systematic Handbook of Volumetric Analysis; or, the Quantitative Estimation of Chemical Substances by Measure.* By Francis Sutton. (Churchill & Sons).—The commercial value of the alkalies, of manganese, of chloride of lime, of indigo, and many other substances, can only be determined by chemical analyses. Practical chemistry has indeed become a thing of general need in technology. To meet the demands made upon the science, it has become necessary to devise new and rapid means of analysis. Under this pressure chemists have developed the volumetric system, "by which a large amount of time, labour, and therefore cost, has been saved, as compared with the older methods of research." It is truly stated by the author of this work, that to make a really reliable use of the volumetric system, "the operator must possess a good knowledge of the laws of chemical combination and decomposition, so as to know where he may apply any of the processes with security." Standard solutions have to be prepared with great accuracy; vessels must be made which will deliver, without error, measured portions of their contents; and the eye must be practised to determine the moment when precipitation ceases, or when any other definite result is obtained in the substance under examination.

In the hands of careful and painstaking men, this method of examination is of great value, and may be with confidence relied on as a guide; but, as Mr. Sutton says, "volumetric analysis has had an abundant crop of weeds and rubbish," owing to its having been practised by men who have never learnt the value of minute attention to results. 'The Handbook of Volumetric Analysis' is the result of considerable experience; it is written with evident care, and may be confidently received as a guide by all who are called on to practise this branch of chemistry. Its attentive study will do much to give a higher value to the use of standard solutions than they have hitherto obtained, since nearly every source of error is clearly described, and processes leading to doubtful results are distinctly marked as uncertain, and requiring yet closer examination.

*The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art;*

*exhibiting the most Important Discoveries and Improvements of the Past Year in Mechanics and the Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Electricity, Chemistry, Zoology and Botany, Geology and Mineralogy, Meteorology and Astronomy.* By John Timbs. (Lockwood & Co.).—A portrait and memoir of Sir Charles Lyell and a glimpse of the Metropolitan Underground Railway are the embellishments and light literature with which Mr. John Timbs lures readers to a perusal of his 'Year-Book of Facts' for 1862. The author's plan is to collect from newspapers or official reports those accounts of important discoveries, inventions and improvements, which appear to be adapted for purposes of popular instruction, and to publish them as "extracts" from the journals and publications in which they first appeared. Thus the 'Year-Book' is a compilation in which the compiler, as far as possible, abstains from speaking on his own personal authority. Of the facts so treated it is noteworthy what a large proportion of them refer to novel applications of iron, and schemes for the advancement of "the noble art of murdering." About fires Mr. Timbs takes from the Annual Return of the London Fire Brigade some statistics in which London residents will necessarily take interest. "The total number of calls during the year 1861 was 1,409; of these 89 were false alarms, 137 proved to be only chimney alarms, and 1,183 were fires, of which 53 resulted in the total destruction of buildings, &c., 332 in considerable damage, and 798 in slight damage. The fires of 1861, compared with those of 1860, show an increase of 127, and compared with an average of the 28 years during which the establishment has been in existence, the number is 391. This list does not include trifling damages by fires not sufficiently important to require the attendance of firemen; of these no record is anywhere kept, but they may be estimated in round numbers at 4,000. Neither does it include the ordinary calls for chimneys on fire, which may be roughly estimated at 3,000. The "totally destroyed" list, 53, is 25 in excess of the same list for 1861, and 13 in excess of the average proportion for 28 past years. Of the premises burnt, 20 were from 2 to 7 miles distant from the nearest station; 25 were used for the carrying on of hazardous trades, such as cabinet-makers, carpenters, hay and straw salesmen, steam saw-mills, &c." From the foregoing summary an estimate may be made of the exceptional damage caused by the great Tooley Street fire, which occurred in 1861. Mr. Timbs says nothing about fires caused by crinoline. He would do well to gather "facts" on this subject for his next volume.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Insect-Hunter's Companion.* By the Rev. Joseph Greene, M.A. (Van Voorst).—We had occasion lately to recommend the use of the butterfly-net to intending continental tourists, but the writer of this little volume teaches a much better plan for obtaining fine specimens of butterflies and moths (or rather moths alone) by searching for the chrysalids at the roots of trees, and then rearing the perfect insects from them. This 'Essay on Pupa-digging' is followed by 'Instructions for collecting and preserving Butterflies and Moths,' and may be cited as a useful manual to those commencing the study, although it is needlessly diffuse: thus, for instance, not fewer than nine pages are devoted to the discussion of the important question, whether the fumes of chloroform, ammonia, or bruised laurel-leaves are the most efficacious means of killing specimens for preservation. The following passage on the preference of many of these insects for a northern aspect is curious, as indicating a surprising amount of instinct in caterpillars: "The vast majority of pupa will be found on that side of the trunk (of the tree) which faces the north. This circumstance I attribute to the fact that in this situation they are less exposed to sun and rain. We all know that exposure to the sun is fatal to pupa, and therefore an infallible instinct leads the larva to select the shadiest side. I believe that rain or damp is equally injurious to them, and that therefore they choose the northern side as the driest. I

am well aware that some will differ from this opinion; but however doubtful the cause, the effect is certain; and so satisfied am I on this head, that I go first to the northern side, and if it present an unfavourable appearance, I, as a rule, leave the tree. As having some bearing on this point, I may mention that the insects themselves, when at rest on the trunks of trees, are almost always found on the northern side. In the former part of this paper, when speaking of *dictaea* and *palpina*, I mentioned, as the most likely places for finding the pupa, poplars and willows bordering upon streams, and especially the dry sods formed on the sides facing the stream. It is, however, wholly useless to examine trees in this situation when the roots and trunks are liable to be submerged by the overflowing of the stream. In such cases there is usually a water-mark, below which a pupa never will be found. An unerring instinct seems to pervade the larva of its probable fate should it venture below this water-mark." Non-entomological readers will smile at the statement, that sugar or treacle mixed with a little rum or aniseed, and plastered upon the trunks of trees, form one of the most attractive baits for night-flying moths, which must, however, be sought after dusk with the aid of a bull's-eye lantern. Some persons may possibly also think that the rum and sugar might be better employed!

*Lectures on Horses and Stables.* By Lieut.-Col. Fitzwygram, 15th (The King's) Hussars. First and Second Series. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—These Lectures on the management of horses suffer from the want of a preface, stating the circumstances under which they were delivered. If, as we infer was the case, they were originally read to the men of Col. Fitzwygram's regiment, we strongly commend the tone and clearness which render them peculiarly adapted to such auditors. Each of the two series now published, consists of four lectures, the subjects of which eight addresses are "Ventilation and Drainage of Stables," "Watering and Feeding of Horses," "Principles of Grooming," "Shoeing of Horses," "Exercise," "Stable Management," "The Action and Uses of Medicine," and "Infection and Contagion." Horse-keepers would do well to place in the hands of their grooms the concise and intelligent instructions of the cavalry officer who, in his promised continuation, will, we trust, remove the one defect of this first instalment of his collected discourses.

*Life in Dixie's Land; or, South in Secession Time.* By Edmund Kirke. (Ward & Lock.)—The editor of this volume takes needless pains to impress on the reader that it "describes actual scenes and events." Whatever Mr. Edmund Kirke may be, whether (as the book represents) a Yankee who travelled southwards just before the outbreak of the American war, or merely a writer who assumes that character for literary purposes, 'Life in Dixie's Land' is, for all critical purposes, "a nigger novel." Regarded as such, it falls short of the highly-seasoned literature which Mrs. Stowe and her imitators have for some time past thrown upon the market. It comprises nearly all the properties and "effects" that we have a right to look for in a book of the kind; a proper number of slaves are whipped, or shot down, or killed by cruel taskmasters; a brutal slave-driver, and a hot-tempered proprietor, who has a highly-educated, lady-like, and almost white female slave for his mistress and for mother of his manumitted children, are brought out in strong contrast with the intelligent and heavenly-minded "darkies," who are waiting their opportunity to excite and lead a servile rebellion, and a balance is struck between the characteristics of the slaves and "the white trash," greatly to the disadvantage of the latter; but the general manipulation is so clumsy that the result is a failure. In a chapter entitled 'Plantation Discipline' Mr. Kirke, describing the interior of a whipping-house, says, "This was the whipping-rack, and hanging to it were several stout whips with short hickory handles and long triple lashes. I took one down for closer inspection, and found burned into the wood, in large letters, the words 'Moral Sussion.' I questioned the appropriateness of the label, but the Colonel insisted, with great gravity, that the whip

is the only 'moral sussion' a darky is capable of understanding." Surely the time has gone by for English readers to relish humour of this kind.

*Ancient Leaves; or, Translations and Paraphrases from Poets of Greece and Rome.* By D'Arcy W. Thompson. (Edmonston & Douglas.)—These translations and paraphrases from classic literature are far superior to the ordinary exercises of the same kind, on which most students of Greek and Latin poets expend not unprofitable labour. Mr. Thompson has clearly read his authors with care and discernment, and a musical ear enables him to reproduce their thoughts with no more than unavoidable loss of melody. The paraphrase of the 'Funus Passeris' of Catullus may be objected to on the score of too great freedom; but it is prettily managed:—

Wee bit birdie's dead and gane,  
The pet o' my ain dearie O;  
And now is journeyne' all aleane,  
The road so dark and dreary O;  
The road that maun be trod by all  
O' mortal men and birdies O.  
Sweet birdie kenn'd his mistress weel,  
Her face fra ilk a ither O;  
As weel as e'er my lassie kenn'd  
The face o' her ain mither O;  
And nestled in her breast, he'd pipe  
And cheep the hour thegither O.  
Ah birdie, what for was thy life,  
Thy pair bit life sae fleetin' O;  
Tis a' for thee my dearie's een  
Are red and sair w' greetin' O;  
Tis a' for thee that bonny een  
Are red and sair w' greetin' O.

Scholars will find pleasures in Mr. Thompson's versions of 'Ancient Leaves.'

*Imogene; or, the Flowers and Fruits of Rome: a Metrical Tale.* By M. H. (Wertheim & Co.)—To "the younger portion of the community, says the Preface, who in general prefer the imaginative to the didactic," M. H. (probably a lady) offers flowers which are very faded, and fruits reminding us of those excruciating red-cheeked stone pippins which garnish old fashioned chimney pieces, in order that the aforesaid "younger portion" may smell and taste how wicked is Papistry, and how abominable in its workings. It need hardly be told that the *Athenæum* is not among the adherents of the Scarlet Lady; but a weak book like this will not make her robe a single shade less red in the eyes of those who are disposed to be attracted by the gaudy colour thereof. How strange is it that religious controversy and attack, of all subjects perhaps the most difficult, is the one which seems dearest to the family of the *Shallows* when they take pen in hand! The little tales of M. H., showing how wicked Jesuits do what they please with persons whose opinions do not please them,—of priests who are unchaste,—of beautiful girls who are kidnapped and shut up in convents,—all the old threadbare stories, in short,—are told in lengths of something imagined to be blank verse, which would be droll were it not dreary; and these tales are interspersed (possibly, in a fond emulation of 'The Princess') with lyrics of corresponding quality.

*Running the Blockade.* By Lieut. Warneford, R.N. (Ward & Lock.)—A collection of tales and adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes of different vessels which have run the blockade during the present American war. Many of them are spun out with the land adventures of the several heroes of the tales, and are interspersed here and there with a full allowance of strong language, which is supposed to be nautical. The author is aware that he is at a disadvantage; for as he is shut out from the exhaustless field of fiction, he is confined to one topic, and the stories must necessarily resemble each other. But he is glad to believe that the incidents which make up the stories save them from the almost inevitable sameness which he speaks of. In the course of the different adventures there occur the names of many American vessels which have become familiar to us through the newspapers, and they serve to make acceptable the tales in which they bear conspicuous parts. The names of the Trent, the Alabama, the Royal Charter, the Sumter, and the Nashville, are pressed into the service; whilst Charleston harbour is in certain cases the scene of operations.

*Liber Cantabrigiensis. Part II.* By R. Potts, M.A. (Parker, Son & Bourn.)—An account of recent legislation, and many other things, with examination papers, &c. We thought to have ended here, when our eye was caught by two curiosities. The first is a question in a college examination-paper, about the credit due to "the Prince of I and Sankolinsin" when they agree in their testimony. These gentlemen—if that name can be given to persons of whom the first speaks truth only once in five times, and the second only twice in seven times—are Chinese, and are known to many readers of Chinese news. The second instance is, we think, the more curiously worded. It is from the statutes of Downing College, the college of our own day, and runs thus: "If a Fellow secede from the Church of England, or be convicted of any crime by a Court of competent jurisdiction, or be guilty of disgraceful conduct rendering him unfit to be a member of the college, he may be deprived of his fellowship, or be subjected to such other punishment as the visitor, in his discretion, shall see fit." Putting these two things together, we smiled once more at the *dat veniam corris vexat censura columbi* character of tests. If the Prince of I and Sankolinsin were to be elected Fellows of Downing, there they might stay, these rascals of one truth in five statements, and two in seven. But the man of honesty must turn out, unless the "discretion" of the visitor should prefer to punish him otherwise. It is a remarkable thing, however, that though secession is classed with legal crime and disgraceful conduct, the visitor has a power of remission.

*Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.* By Samuel Bailey. Third Series. (Longman & Co.)—In this series the author discusses in succession Comte's notion of psychology, identity, causation, evidence, laws of nature, language and moral sentiments. The contents are of a varied character, and cannot be systematically reviewed; but the writer is one who ought to be read. With some difference of opinion, we recommend the letters on language to attentive consideration. When this collection, now in its third Part, shall come to an end, it will be for Mr. Bailey to give a good summary of results and arguments.

*Twenty-nine Years in the West Indies and Central Africa; a Review of Missionary Work and Adventure, 1829-1858.* By the Rev. Hope Masteron Waddell. (Nelson & Sons.)—The author, belonging to the United Presbyterian Church, laboured as missionary, first in Jamaica, and afterwards in Old Calabar, on the West Coast of Africa, and now publishes, in a bulky volume of 681 closely-printed pages, the narrative of his efforts to christianize the negro race. Reduced to about two-thirds of its present size, and freed from pointless dialogues in negro slang, sectarian squabbles, tedious details about new converts, and the phraseology peculiar to missionary writings, the author's materials might have been shaped into a book highly acceptable to the general reader, instead of one suited only to that narrower circle to whom what we regard as defects appear so many merits. The rising of the slaves in Jamaica, the gloomy state of that island previous to emancipation, the suspicion with which all missionaries, especially those of the dissenting bodies, were looked upon by the colonists, and the persecution which they suffered, might have been worked up into very interesting chapters by an expert hand. Again what a capital peg for a good story Peppel, King of Bonny, would have made,—that noble savage who keeps an English Poet-Laureate to sing his praises!

*The Castle-Maiden; and other Stories.* By Mrs. R. J. Greene. (Banks & Goodwin.)—Were it not for their exceeding mournfulness of tone, we should warmly commend these fanciful and well-written stories. The intercourse of little Elsie, the Castle-Maiden, with her flowers, is told with pathos and considerable power of imagination; but her career is so sad, that no ordinary child will like to re-peruse its history. 'The Jewelled Bridge' and 'The Oyster Realm' are less depressing tales.

Mr. Hardwicke has commenced the issue of a new edition of the celebrated *English Botany*, of Sowerby, to appear in monthly numbers. Mr.

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Syme, than whom no one is better acquainted with our wild plants, is charged with the science of the work,—Mrs. Lankester with what are called on the title-page "popular descriptions,"—Dr. Lankester with uses and medical properties,—and the three Sowerbys with the illustrations. The specimen number before us is well executed, and, containing, as it does, twenty-four coloured engravings on copper, is one of the cheapest natural-history productions we are acquainted with. Hereafter we may report more fully.

Of publications on the Pentateuch and Bishop Colenso, we have to announce *'The Pentateuch and Bishop Colenso. Bible Inspiration; What It Is, and What It Is Not: Dr. Colenso's Difficulties Considered and Our Lord's Testimony Enforced'*, by the Rev. C. Bullock (Wertheim).—*'Colenso's Objections to the Veracity of the Pentateuch Examined and Answered'*, by the Rev. B. W. Savile (Freeman).—*'Some of Bishop Colenso's Objections to the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Examined*, by the Rev. W. Houghton (Masters).—*'Exhibit or Colenso? or, a Full Reply to the Objections of the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso to the Pentateuch'*, by M. Hill (Hamilton).—*'Bishop Colenso Honestly Answered: Two Sermons*, by the Rev. J. Christian (Stock).—*'Dr. Colenso's Objections to the Historical Truth of the Pentateuch Reviewed and Answered'*, by Clergyman of the Church of England (Parker).—*'Considerations on the Pentateuch*, by Isaac Taylor (Jackson, Walford & Hodder).—*Moses Right and Colenso Wrong; being Popular Lectures on the Pentateuch*, by the Rev. J. Cumming (Shaw).—*The Bible in the Workshop: a Refutation of Bishop Colenso's Critical Examination of the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua*, by Two Working Men, a Jew and a Gentile (Kent & Co.).—*A Few Remarks on some of the More Prominent Errors contained in Bishop Colenso's Book on the Pentateuch*, by the Rev. W. G. Cooksey (Upsham & Beet).—*Solutions of Bishop Colenso's Bible Problems, in the Form of an Address to the Protestant Church*, by an Unknown Pen (Jarrold & Sons).—*Bishop Colenso and the Pentateuch; or, The Bible in the Gospels: a Vindication of the Historical Character of the Old Testament*, by Alpha (Wertheim).—*Bishop Colenso's Fallacies* [of Parts I. & II.], by Dr. T. de Meschin (Hatton).—*Bishop Colenso and the Pentateuch* (Part I.), *Bishop Colenso and the Descent of Jacob into Egypt: an Analysis*, by W. J. Spry (Wertheim).—*The Siege of Rome and Bishop Colenso Slain with a Sling and a Stone: a Complete Refutation of his "Infamous" Work on the Pentateuch, by Figures and Facts, with Proofs alone from the Bible*, by a Lancashire Lad (Simpkin).—*Is the Pentateuch Historically True? A Hand-book to the Second Part of Dr. Colenso's Work on the Pentateuch and other Books of the Old Testament*, by J. B. Marsh (Simpkin).—*The Family of Judah; being a Thorough Examination into and Refutation of Bishop Colenso's First Objection to the Pentateuch*, by a Layman (Freeman).—*The Increase of the Israelites in Egypt shewn to be probable from the Statistics of Modern Populations; with an Examination of Bishop Colenso's Calculations on the Subject*, by the Rev. F. Aspinwall (Parker).—*And A Plain Reply to Bishop Colenso; respectfully addressed to the Laymen of England*, by Walter Chamberlain, M.A. (Wertheim).

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, new edit. 18mo. 1/- cl. Beecher's Life Thoughts, new edit. 18mo. 1/- cl. Benison's Dr. Bishop Colenso's Objections Examined, 8vo. 5/- cl. Boston's The Crook in the Lot, new edit. 18mo. 1/- cl. Brown's Memories of Past, and Thoughts on Present Age, 6 cl. Burn's Grace and Truth, new edit. 18mo. 1/- cl. Cassell's Popular Natural History. V. Reptiles, Fishes, &c. 8/- Clemens's 37th Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, 8vo. 1/- Day's The Proverbs of Solomon, a Poetical Commentary, 8vo. 14/- cl. Diary of a Hunter from the Punjab to Kara Korum, post 8vo. 10/- Dyer's The Life of Pitt, 2 vols. 8vo. 12/- cl. Evans by the Author of "Fame Kept," 3 vols. post 8vo. 31/- cl. Graham (Sir James R. G.), Life and Times of, by Torrens, V. 2, 15/- Hall's Breathings of the Devout Soul, new edit. 18mo. 1/- cl. Home's (D. D.) Incidents in my Life, cr. 8vo. 7/- cl. Kiepert and Grif's Hand Atlas der Erde und der Himmels, 84/- Large and Approved, 18mo. 1/- cl. 4/- 7/- cl. Mc Clintock's Clinical Memoirs on Diseases of Women, 8vo. 14/- cl. Meditations on Our Lord's Passion, from the Armenian, 32mo. 2/- Miles's Stable Secrets, or Puffy Doddles, his Sayings, &c. 26 cl. Phillips's Sermons on Old Testament Messianic Texts, 8vo. 5/- cl. St. Leger's Handbook of Property Law, 7th ed. cr. 8vo. 3/- cl. Temple Bar, Vols. 7, 8, 9, 10 cl. Trimm's The Princess Alexandrina, a Genealogy, &c. 8vo. 1/- swd. Welcome, A. Original Contributions in Poetry & Prose, 10/- cl. st. Westrop's Six Studies for the Violin, 8vo. 1/- swd. White's History of the Kings of Judah and Israel, &c. 8vo. 1/- cl.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

A public servant, whose opinion will have weight with many persons, appears anxious to make the public pay dearer than at present for some of the publications issued by the Government. Mr. J. R. M' Culloch holds the position of Controller of Her Majesty's Stationery Office. It is his duty to prevent all needless extravagance in the paper, pens, and ink supplied to public departments, to note the cost of Blue Books, Army Lists, Nautical Almanacs, and whatever else is printed by the Government, to indicate how far they pay their expenses, and to suggest the means for making them as remunerative as may be. Accordingly, for some years past, along with the Annual Estimate for the Civil Service, there has appeared a letter from Mr. M' Culloch containing various suggestions for economy and retrenchment, many of which are doubtless valuable, and it appears that some have been tried, and found to work well. Among them, however, occasionally appear remarks, of which, although they profess to aim at economy, it is more than doubtful whether they have such a tendency in practice. To the following, in particular, we desire to direct attention:—

"I may mention," says Mr. M' Culloch, "that not satisfied with having publications sold at or about the cost of their production, we are frequently pressed by the parties interested to sell them at still lower rates. But this, I cannot but think, should very rarely be agreed to. The sale of a work for less than it cost deceives the Government, and is unjust to the publishing trade. The price of all, or nearly all, publications that issue from the different public departments includes nothing for authorship or editing, but merely amounts to the cost of paper, printing, and binding, and not always even to that. Hence the cheapness is, in most cases, quite fictitious; but such as it is, it prevents private parties from entering into what might otherwise be an advantageous competition with official publications. A spurious cheapness of this sort is not to be encouraged; and I endeavour, in as far as practicable, to get such a price charged upon our books as will, at all events, cover our outlay upon them."

Thus the case is stated in general terms; and, assuming Mr. M' Culloch's premises, we should think no one would defend the sale of Government publications at a price that will not pay for paper, print, and binding. But Mr. M' Culloch seems to reckon under the head "cost of production" the price paid for authorship or editing, and thinks it unjust to the publishing trade to issue works at a lower price than would pay this charge also. Here we think he reasons on a totally erroneous basis. For, in the first place, there is, or ought to be, no question of competition. What private enterprise can do as well, Government ought not to do at all; but Government does very properly undertake various publications which require the sanction of its authority to give them value, or which could not possibly be remunerative if left to private enterprise. But in such cases it must be considered that the editor or author is paid by the public from the coffers of the State; and it is not right that the purchaser, who has already contributed his quota through the tax-gatherer to the fund out of which such expenses are paid, should be called upon to pay it again in the price of the book.

It would seem that the publications Mr. M' Culloch had chiefly in view in these remarks are those which proceed from the Public Record Office. In his Report of last year he makes the following remarks:—

"The sum charged in the Estimate of 19,620/- for Stationery Office publications is nominal only. It is the sum we expend on the production of the *Gazette*, the Army Lists, and the military books for the War Office, the 'Nautical Almanac,' and other Admiralty books and papers, the Record Office publications, &c. But the sale of these publications, taken as a whole, a good deal more than balances the outlay upon them; and but for the Record publications, the profit would be very large indeed."

This we can very well imagine. The price put upon the Calendars of State Papers looks as if it was intended purposely to prevent their sale. The high utility, and indeed necessity, of these works to the historical student has been generally admitted; but who is to go to the expense of 15/- a volume for a series of which it is difficult to calculate the extent? The series of *Chronicles* is a trifle cheaper: 10/- is the sum now charged for a volume—perhaps not very extravagant if it be a book of 700 or 800 pages; but an average volume contains only 400, and some are sold at this price which have little more than 200 pages. And when a comparison is made between Government and the publishing trade, it must be remembered that publishers make their profits by issuing dear editions first, and cheaper afterwards. How is any Government publication to pay its way at the price Messrs. Longman put upon an entertaining book, new from the press, heralded by constant advertisements for months beforehand, and a large part of the impression taken by Mudie with an allowance of 20 per cent. discount? It is quite out of the question. The books lie for years unsold, until they are at last reduced in price, with injustice to former purchasers. Thus it has been with the 'Monumenta Historica Britannica,' originally published at five guineas, now at two; several folio volumes of the old 'Record Commission' are now selling at 10s. 6d. or 15s. each; and the thick quarto volumes of State Papers also sell each at half-a-guinea, being exactly the quarter of their original price. If these prices are not too low the new Record publications are too high.

The best proof that they are not too low is, that there are cheaper publications still, issued by the Government, which, according to Mr. M' Culloch, yield a profit. The Government publications do, as a whole, far more than pay their expenses; and among them no inconsiderable portion is the great array of Blue Books which sell at a halfpenny a sheet. If in them, however, Mr. M' Culloch were to reckon "payments to authors," which, in such a case, would be expenses of Parliamentary witnesses summoned from great distances, we suspect there would be found to be a very serious loss upon such publications. The 'Nautical Almanac,' a thick octavo of more than 600 pages, is sold for half-a-crown. Mr. M' Culloch surely will not tell us that all the complicated calculations and minute revision necessary to the production of this work, in which the inaccuracy of a single figure might cause shipwrecks at sea, are remunerated by the proceeds of the sale. It is plain, therefore, he judges the productiveness of the Record publications and other Government works by totally different standards, and in the interest of literature it is most desirable that the prices of the former be reduced. We are informed that an offer was lately made to the Government to take the whole impression of one of the recent Calendars off their hands if they would consent to sell it at ten shillings instead of fifteen, but it was not accepted. Yet even ten shillings would have been a high price for it if it had been any other Government publication but a Calendar.

So far, then, from agreeing with Mr. M' Culloch that the prices of the Record publications should be enhanced, we consider that they are already too dear, and greatly exceed those of all other books published by the Government. This is especially to be regretted in the case of the Calendars, as it has the effect, practically, of placing them entirely beyond the reach of the literary student for whose special use they have been compiled.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH INTERNATIONAL  
COPYRIGHT IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

Few persons are aware, that although an original photograph be first published in the United Kingdom, the copyright in such photograph may now be secured in France, and vice versa. As photography has grown into a branch of industry, and photographic copyrights are of considerable value, it may be useful to call attention to the existing state of the laws of England and of France affecting such copyrights.

Formerly, when any work of literature or of the

fine arts was *first published* abroad the copyright in it became public property in England. The author was unable to obtain any protection there in respect of such copyright. This manifest injustice has been remedied by certain Acts passed in the reign of her present Majesty, "to amend the law relating to international copyright." These statutes enable the Crown by Order in Council as respects works of literature, music and *art* (to be defined in such order), and which shall be first published in any foreign country named in that order, to direct that the authors of such works, and their assigns, shall have the privilege of copyright therein to the same extent as allowed by law in respect of any such works first published in the United Kingdom. But no such order is to have any effect unless it states that due protection has been secured by the foreign power named in the order for the benefit of parties interested in works first published in the British dominions similar to those comprised in such order. Besides this, as a condition precedent to the acquisition of any copyright in a work so first published abroad, the statutes render it imperative that the work shall be registered at Stationers' Hall, together with the date and place of first publication thereof abroad. The time within which such registration must be made after that first publication is to be fixed by the Order in Council.

In 1852 an International Copyright Treaty was entered into between England and France, whereby it was agreed that "the authors of works of literature or of *art*, to which the laws of either of the two countries do now, or may hereafter, give the right of property, or copyright, shall be entitled to exercise that right in the territories of the other of such countries for the same term, and to the same extent, as the author of works of the same nature, if first published in such other country, would therein be entitled to exercise such right." But the treaty expressly stipulates that such international copyright shall not be claimable in either country, "unless the work shall have been registered," viz.:—1st. If the work be one that has first appeared in France, it must be registered at the Hall of the Company of Stationers in London; 2nd. If the work be one that has first appeared in the dominions of her Britannic Majesty, it must be registered at the *Bureau de la Librairie* of the Minister of the Interior at Paris." At the time of such registration "one copy of the best edition, or in the best state," must also be deposited;—and "in every case the formality of deposit and registration must be fulfilled *within three months after the first publication of the work in the other country*." The treaty likewise provides that "a certified copy of the entry in the Register-book of the Company of Stationers in London shall confer within the British dominions the exclusive right of republication until a better right shall have been established by any other party before a court of justice." And that "the certificate given under the laws of France proving the registration of any work in that country shall be valid for the same purpose throughout the territories of France." The charge for registration of a single work "shall not exceed one shilling in England, nor one franc twenty-five centimes in France; and the further charge for a certificate of such registration shall not exceed the sum of five shillings in England, and six francs and twenty-five centimes in France." The ten years term for which this treaty was entered into has expired, but it provides that it shall continue in force "from year to year until the expiration of a year's notice from either party for its termination"; an event which in the present advanced state of public opinion respecting international rights generally, and copyright particularly, appears to be most improbable.

In pursuance of this treaty, and of the powers vested in the Crown for that purpose, Her Majesty afterwards made an Order in Council, whereby it was ordered, "that from and after the 17th day of January, 1852, the authors, inventors, designers, engravers, and makers of any of the following works (that is to say): books, prints, articles of sculpture, dramatic works, musical compositions, and any other works of literature and the fine arts, in which the laws of Great Britain give to British

subjects the privilege of copyright, and the executors, &c. of such authors, &c. shall, as respects works *first published* within the dominions of France after the 17th January, 1852, have the privilege of copyright therein for a period equal to the term of copyright which authors, &c. of the like works respectively *first published* in the United Kingdom are by law entitled to; provided such books, dramatic pieces, musical compositions, prints, articles of sculpture, or other works of art have been registered, and copies thereof have been delivered according to the requirements of the International Copyright Act (7 Vict. c. 12. s. 6.) within three months after the first publication thereof in any part of the French dominions."

Soon after entering into the above convention the French law was placed upon what seems to us, having regard to the existing state of the law of nations, to be the only just, and, consequently, tenable ground respecting international copyright. Irrespective of any reciprocity a decree was made upon the 28th March, 1852, prohibiting within the dominions of France the piracy of works published in any foreign State; and also the importation or exportation of any pirated copies of such works.

Now with respect to copyright in *photographs*, no such copyright existed according to the law of England prior to the 29th July, 1862, when "The Copyright (Works of Art) Act" came into operation. Since that date the authors of *original* photographs, or the employers of such authors, are entitled to copyright therein for the *author's life and seven years after his death*; but to acquire the benefits of that statute the work must be registered at Stationers' Hall.

So likewise, according to the decisions of the French Courts, no copyright in *photographs* has until recently been held to exist in France. According to the Code Napoléon, "l'auteur d'un ouvrage de littérature ou de gravure, ou de toute autre production de l'esprit ou de génie qui appartient aux beaux-arts, en aura la propriété exclusive,"—or copyright, during the life of such author, also of his widow, and for thirty years after the death of the survivor of them in favour of their children.

Does a *photograph* come within the above definition of the French law relating to works of fine art? Some of the most eminent French artists have protested against the art of photography being deemed a fine art; and until within the last few months it seems that the French Courts were of the same opinion. But the decisions upon the point have recently been overruled by the supreme court of appeal in France, the Court of Cassation, in a case which arose out of the piracy of a photographic portrait of the late Count Cavour. It was held, that although a mere servile copy of any subject made by means of photography is not absolutely a work of art within the meaning of the Code, yet that a photograph does become a work of art, and is the subject of copyright, when its execution includes *artistic conception* upon the part of the author.

Practically, therefore, British photographic artists will now be enabled to obtain the benefits of copyright in France for most of their original works. If claimed under the Copyright Convention with France, to which we have alluded, it will, however, be subject to the performance of these conditions:—1st. The work must have been *first published in the United Kingdom*; 2nd. It must have been registered, and a copy deposited in Paris, *within three months* after such first publication.

Upon the other hand, it seems, French photographic artists may now secure a British International Copyright in *all* their original photographs upon these conditions:—1st. The work must have been *first published in France*; 2nd. It must have been registered, and a copy deposited in London, *within three months* after such first publication.

Considering the beauty of, and the immense demand for many photographic works produced both in France and England, the existing state of those international relations to which we have called attention seems calculated largely to enhance the value of original productions of that description by French and British artists.

#### LITERARY HONESTY.

37, Tavistock Place, March 7, 1863.

PERMIT me, in the name of literary honesty, to enter a protest against two practices, occasionally, but seldom, resorted to in book manufacture, of which a recent German publication furnishes a flagrant specimen, viz., taking the subjects of illustration from other works, possibly without due sanction, and certainly without due acknowledgement; and using the same woodblock several times over in the same book, so as to apparently increase the amount of illustration to the casual observer.

The title-page of this work bears such well-known names that it makes the offence all the more reprehensible—it is simply 'Vorschule der Kunsts geschichte, von Dr. Ernst Förster, mit 269 Holzschnitten. Leipzig, T. O. Weigel, 1862.' Unfortunately the work contains but few original illustrations. Cicognara, Gally Knight, and Cresy's Index to Hope, are standard books of reference I at once perceive to have been laid under contribution; and if any useful end could be gained by it, a little trouble would, I think, speedily produce the prototypes from other well-known publications of, I dare say, half the whole series.

Many of the most important illustrations are used twice over in the course of the volume—thus Nos. 183 and 242 are identical; as (amongst many others which have, no doubt, escaped my observation in turning over the pages) are Nos. 105 and 250,—109 and 263,—39 and 191,—196 and 228,—203 and 266,—125 and 229,—85 and 225,—214 and 236,—198 and 235,—202 and 226,—215 and 260,—129 and 194, &c. The most flagrant case is that of a large woodcut of the well-known antique group of the Three Graces, which is made to do duty no less than three times, appearing in the list of illustrations given at the commencement of the volume: firstly, as 106, "Symmetrische Gruppe"; secondly, as 201, "Die Grazien, antike Gruppe"; and, thirdly, as 231, "Die Grazien."

This list of illustrations in no case betrays the repetition of the use of the same block; thus Sansovino's library at Venice is referred to, under different numbers, as "Italienische Renaissance" and "Lebendige Bankunst"; thus Orcagna's Christ from the Pisan Last Judgment appears, firstly, as one of a series of "Gewand Formen"; and, secondly, as "Christus"; thus one of the well-known Herculanean dancing nymphs comes out, firstly, as "Gestalt im Gleichegewicht"; and, secondly, as one of a series of "Motiviert Bewegungen"; thus, a nasty little Faun, from an old bronze, whose presence may be more regretted than his absence would have been missed, figures, firstly, as a "Trunkener Silen"; and, secondly, as a "Humoristische Darstellung";—and so on.

According to a prospectus prefixed to this book, it is designed to form the first of a series of handbooks intended ultimately to make up "eine kunstwissenschaftliche Encyclopédie"; it becomes urgent, therefore, to denounce in *limine* the system of deception which cheats the buyer, and discredits the author and publisher. Of the two latter I need scarcely say I know nothing, excepting that hitherto both have, to the best of my belief, been respected in the republic of letters. I write simply as an artist, to warn other artists who may, like me, be seduced by the promise of a good book illustrated by "269 Holzschnitten" for a rather low price.

M. DIGBY WYATT.

#### ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

March 9, 1863.

WHILE the antiquity of man on the globe and the Biblical chronology are exciting much attention, it may be interesting to many of your readers to see the opinion of the late Dr. Prichard, whose scientific researches, especially in ethnology, raised him to the highest eminence in that department. All his investigations tended to one conclusion, viz., the derivation of mankind from one primitive stock. Whatever could illustrate that opinion and make it probable, was collected and placed in a striking light. But a great difficulty connected with it arose from chronology. How could the development of those physical varieties which distinguish the different races of men take place in the brief period allowed by the received chrono-

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nology? This is the subject of a note on Biblical chronology at the end of the fifth volume of his 'Researches into the Physical History of Mankind,'—a work now out of print and scarce. Dr. Prichard was not given to speculation on theological subjects. He was conservative in his religious creed. He fully admitted the divine authority and inspiration of the Old Testament. How, then, does he meet the difficulty just stated? He begins with examining the later period of Scripture chronology, *viz.*, that from the building to the destruction of the Temple; thence he ascends to the chronology between the ages of Solomon and Moses, and between Moses and Abraham. In computing the time prior to the call of Abraham, the great longevity of the patriarchs comes in his way, which he disposes of after a fashion of his own. The conclusion at which he arrives is, that there exists no chronology, properly so termed, of the earliest ages, and that no means are to be found for ascertaining the real age of the world or of man's abode upon it. "The Hebrew chronology," he says, "may be computed with accuracy to the era of the building of the Temple, or, at least, to that of the division of the tribes. In the interval between that date and the arrival of Abraham in Palestine, it cannot be ascertained with exactness, but may be computed with a near approximation to truth. *Beyond that event we can never know how many centuries, nor even how many chiladias of years, may have elapsed since the first man of clay received the image of God and the breath of life.*" These words afford scope enough for the very long period during which the late researches of geologists go to prove that man has existed on the earth. Dr. Prichard, with all his orthodox opinions about the Bible, could see and admit that religion has nothing to do with man's antiquity on the globe; and that the Bible itself allows full latitude to the investigations of science. The way in which he tries to reduce the preternatural length of antediluvian life within bounds compatible with the present constitution of nature is curious; but we need not refute it at present. It may just be mentioned in conclusion, that he believed the abode of the Israelites in Egypt to have been 430 years, as the Hebrew text asserts. This number appears to me to be undoubtedly correct.

S. DAVIDSON.

## DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

Pompeii, Feb. 27, 1863.

ESCAPING from the blind and the lame, and the cracked guitar, and the wretched songster who pesters our steps to the very gates of Pompeii, we enter a road, newly arranged and planted with the glowing mesambrianthum. At the end of it is the ticket-office where we buy our permit, price two francs, and passing through an iron turnstile, which records the number of visitors, we are in the streets of the old city. The order which prevails here is a new feature in this country, and reminds one much of England; of more importance is it to observe that it indicates the action of a new spirit. In every direction there are signs of work; instead of a few lazy and extortionate custodes, and a man or two busy about nothing, there are 200 men, women and girls occupied in the interesting labour of excavating, so that if the same success continues to be displayed, the whole of Pompeii, it is calculated, will be brought to light in twenty years. What secrets will be revealed! What treasures of Art will be given to the world in that time! Along the high mound which now surrounds Pompeii, a tramroad has been laid down, and trains are continually running with the *débris*, which is carried off in the direction of the Amphitheatre. From this mound the visitor looks down on the unburied portion of the city, and forms a good idea of the interior of the houses, which are, of course, roofless. The excavations are being carried on in two spots—near the Temple of Isis, and near the house called that of Abbondanza, but we are more immediately concerned with the former site. Here in a house, in a small street just opened, were found the bodies or skeletons which are now attracting crowds. Falling in a mass of pumice-stone, these unfortunate persons had not become attached to the soil, and it was easy to cut away the ground beneath them; but above, fire,

ashes, and hot water had been rained upon them from the fiery mountain, causing their death, and insuring their preservation for nearly 2,000 years. On removing the *débris*, which consisted of the roof and the ashes which had fallen into the interior of the house, something like a human *form* was discovered, though nothing but fine powder was visible. It occurred to Cav. Fiorelli that this might be a kind of sarcophagus created by Vesuvius, and that within were the remains of one of the victims of that terrible eruption. But how to remove or preserve them? A happy idea struck him. Plaster of Paris was poured into an aperture,—the interior having been discovered to be hollow, in consequence of the destruction of the flesh,—and mixing with and uniting with the bones, restored to the world a Roman lady of the first century. Further researches led to the discovery of a male body, another woman, and that of a young girl; but that which first awakened the interest of the excavators was the finding of ninety-one pieces of silver money, four ear-rings, a finger-ring, all of gold, together with two iron keys, and evident remains of a linen bag. These interesting relics have been now successfully removed, and are lying in a house not far distant. They are to be preserved in Pompeii, and four bronze tables, of an antique fashion, are being prepared for their reception. I will describe the dry details of their appearance. The first body, so to speak, is that of a woman, who lies on her right side, and from the twisted position of her body had been much convulsed. Her left hand and arm are raised and contorted, and the knuckles are bent in tightly; the right arm is broken, and at each end of the fragments one sees the cellular character of the bones. The form of the head-dress and the hair are distinctly visible. On the bone of the little finger of the left hand are two silver rings, one of which is a guard. The sandals remain, or the soles at least, and iron or nails are unmistakably to be seen. Though the body is much bent, the legs are extended as if under the influence of extreme pain.

By the side of this figure lay the bags of which I have already spoken, with the money, the keys, and the rings, and the cast of it, with all that remains intermingled with or impressed on the plaster is preserved in the same room. Passing on to an inner chamber we found the figure of the young girl lying on its face, resting on its clasped hands and arms; the legs are drawn up, the left lying over the right,—the body is thinly covered over in some parts by the scoria or the plaster, whilst the skull is visible, highly polished. One hand is partially closed, as if it had grasped something, probably her dress, with which it had covered the head. The finger-bones protrude through the incrusted ashes, and on the surface of the body in various parts is distinctly visible the web of the linen with which it had been covered. There was lying by the side of the child a full-grown woman, the left leg slightly elevated, whilst the right arm is broken; but the left, which is bent, is perfect, and the hand is closed. The little finger has an iron ring; the left ear, which is uppermost, is very conspicuous and stands off from the head. The folds of the drapery, the very web remain, and a nice observer might detect the quality of the dress. The last figure I have to describe is that of a man, a splendid subject, lying on its back, with the legs stretched out to their full length. There is an iron ring on the little finger of the left hand, which, together with the arm, are supported by the elbow. The folds of the dress on the arm and over the whole of the upper part of the body are visible; the sandals are there, and the bones of one foot protrude through what might have been a broken sandal. The hair of the head and beard,—by which I mean, of course, the traces of them,—are there; and the breath of life has only to be inspired into this and the other three figures to restore to the world of the 19th century the Romans of the 1st century. I gazed again and again on these lifeless forms with an interest which I cannot well describe. They might have fallen but yesterday, for were there not still remaining their sandals, their dress, the very tracery of their hair? They were trying to escape from destruction, for the bodies were found at

a short distance one from the other, as if in the act of running. What could have induced them to remain so long it is only permitted to imagine. They were three women who, terror-struck, had been unable, perhaps, to act until aided and urged forward by the man. It may be that with that attachment which binds us all so closely to our native place and our hearth, they still clung to their homes with the hope that the storm would soon pass away. I witnessed some instances of infatuation last year at Torre del Greco, where the poorer inhabitants remained in the lower rooms of their houses, the upper parts of which had fallen or were falling in, when the ground was heaving, and the crash of buildings was heard from time to time; but Vesuvius sent forth its clouds of ashes without intermission until the sun was darkened, and the only safety was in flight. Haste—haste!—fly—by the Stabian Gate, towards the Salerno road! But it was too late; the weakness of woman, or the strength of local attachment, had been too strong, and down they fell, these poor victims, on the very site from which they have now been disinterred, after an undisturbed repose of nearly 2,000 years. The first was the mother and the head of the household, for by her side was the bag of money, the keys, and two silver vases, and a silver hand-mirror, which was found only last Friday. She was of gentle birth too; the delicacy of her arms and legs indicates it; and coiffure too. The hands are closed as if the very nails must have entered into the flesh, and the body is swollen, as are those of the others, as if water had aided the cruel death. The child—perhaps her child—does not appear to have suffered so much, but, child-like, it had thrown itself on the ground, and wrapped its dress about its head, thinking thereby to exclude all danger. I judge so from the marks of the folds of the linen round the arms and on the upper part of the body, and from the partially open hand as if it had grasped something. Poor child! it was not so tenacious of life as the mother, and soon went to sleep. There is the figure of another woman, of a lower class, a servant perhaps, and I thought so from the large projecting ear, and the ring on the finger, which was of iron. She had suffered much evidently, as the right leg is twisted back and uplifted. She lies on her side, and the left hand, which is closed, rests on the ground; but her sufferings were less than those of her mistress, as her sensibility was perhaps less acute. The man, man-like, had struggled longer with the storm which raged around him, for he fell on his back, and fell dead. His limbs are stretched out at their full length, and give no sign of suffering. A more touching story than that which is told by these silent figures I have never read, and if a second Bulwer could describe the last days of Pompeii, nothing more suggestive could be found as a nucleus for his romance than the family group just brought to light. It was with comparatively little interest that I closed this day by visiting the sites where the labourers are actually at work. They are cutting out streets beneath the roots of large trees, and carting off the soil to many feet above them. Walls are coming out to view every moment, and the large red inscriptions and the popular jokes of Pompeiani. Many houses have been completely uncovered, with the exception of two or three feet of sand, which are left on the ground-floor, and cover up the antiquarian wealth which is reserved for the eyes of distinguished visitors. One house I remarked particularly, as it is the largest in Pompeii. There are two large gardens in the interior of the building, and marble fountains, around which were found the figures of wild boar being pulled down by dogs, and a serpent and other animals, all of bronze. On the walls are elegant fresco paintings, and in one small room, a sleeping chamber, is a mosaic floor, a portion of which was repaired, and that right artistically too, by some old Roman mosaicist. This room is not far from the Temple of Isis, should visitors care to see it; and it will well repay the trouble. Amongst the many changes and improvements which my friend Cav. Fiorelli has introduced, I must not fail to notice the establishment of a museum, in which many objects of great interest are deposited, all discovered in Pompeii.

There are the skeletons of two dogs; and sixty leaves which were baking when Vesuvius burst forth, and which were "drawn" only the other day. There are the great iron doors for the mouth of the oven. There are tallies, too, and hammers, and bill-hooks, and colours, should the artist need them, and medicines for the sick, and pulse for the hungry. Vases and patens of plain and coloured glass, light and elegant in form, are there, and candelabra, so graceful that one longs to grasp them. There, too, are brasiers more ornamented and more useful and elegant than any that modern Italians have made.

H. W.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

NEARLY all the poets, and some who are not poets, have been singing welcome to the young lady who is now Princess of Wales. The offerings are of various merit; but no one amongst them has sufficient beauty, emphasis and music to become at once the sole expression of a people's joy. The true welcome of the Princess Alexandra was the inexpressible loyalty and gladness of the public streets; and the great poetic facts of her reception-day made all attempts at utterance pale and weak. Mr. Tennyson's "Welcome" is the best:—

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,  
Alexandra!  
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,  
Alexandra!  
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!  
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!  
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,  
Scatter the blossom under her feet!  
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!  
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bower!  
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!  
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!  
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!  
Flames, on the windy headland flare!  
Usher your jubilee, steeple and spire!  
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!  
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!  
Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,  
Alexandra!  
Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,  
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,  
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,  
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,  
Come to us, love us and make us your own:  
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,  
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,  
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,  
Alexandra!

—In these laureate lines, the thought is not very happy nor the diction very choice. That theory of the young lady being a Dane, and a daughter of the Sea-Kings, on which the compliment of the piece is made to turn, is not even historically true; the Prince of Wales, as a descendant of Anne of Denmark, being more a Dane than his royal bride.

On Tuesday night the British Museum presented a novel lesson in the art of illumination to those whose visits to it in that behalf have been chiefly for the purpose of studying the illuminated manuscripts. The four pedestals along the line of the front railing in Great Russell Street, which have been waiting so long for their intended statues, were surmounted by Prince of Wales' Feathers in gas, not terminating in quills, but rising from magnificent cushions of the same material, and a series of wreaths enveloping two A's interlaced filled up the intervals between. The effect was not only splendid, but most tasteful and classical. It has been laid down as a canon of criticism, that the best method of illuminating a building in every case is simply to run the architectural lines into lines of light; and the example of the Floral Hall at Covent Garden Theatre on Tuesday was a brilliant illustration of the effect of the arrangement; but the example of the Museum showed that an effect still better is sometimes to be obtained. We have heard that for the design of this display the enlightened public are indebted to Mr. Sydney Smirke and Mr. Winter Jones.

The Directors of the Crystal Palace Art-Union have included, in the series of works offered to the Subscribers, a very pretty copy, in Ceramic ware, of a bust of the Princess of Wales. The Princess has been much ill-used by the photographers; but

the sculptors have done more justice to the delicate beauty of her face. The bust, by M. Felix Miller, has a good deal of natural grace; and there must be many to whom such a work will be an acquisition.

On Tuesday, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, the theatres were thrown open gratuitously to the public in honour of the Prince of Wales's marriage. In addition to the usual performances, at many of the theatres lyrical effusions appropriate to the occasion were delivered. A loyal stanza, written by Mr. George Linley and composed by Mr. Brinley Richards, was sung between the acts of "Bonnie Dundee," at Drury Lane. Miss Anvia Jones, at the Adelphi, delivered a long Epithalamium, composed by the Author of "Whitefriars," which was aided by the classical costume in which the fair speaker was attired; and Miss M. Oliver, at the Princess's, delivered with much grace a similar effusion. The Lyceum made a demonstration. After "The Duke's Motto," an Ode was delivered by Miss Elsworthy, who appeared as *Britannia*; views of Windsor Castle and St. George's Chapel succeeded; while behind the scenes the Chorale composed by Prince Albert was sung by a full choir. Then followed a kind of transformation scene, designed for an allegorical tableau, and exhibiting portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mr. James Anderson, at the City of London, delivered an Ode, written by Mr. Nelson Lee, junior. The theatres were all well attended; and, owing to the good arrangements made beforehand, there was no confusion either in gaining admission or during the performance. The lyrical demonstrations to which we have alluded were in all places enthusiastically received.

The list of candidates for election into the Royal Society for the present session is closed. The number of names "up" is forty-five.

The Prince Consort's memorial statue for Cambridge has been, notwithstanding an earnest speech in favour of bronze by the Master of Trinity, decided to be executed in marble.

The rejection of the Regent Circus Railway Bill, on its second reading, by the House of Commons, will serve as a warning in future to the subscribers for schemes calculated to chop the metropolis into little pieces. Two months ago we called attention to the manner in which the Borough has been crossed near the foot of London Bridge. One of the best openings in the City has been ruined, and St. Saviour's Church buried, not through any necessity, but by indifference to public interest on the part of railway authorities. Further westward, on this same railway, even worse examples may be noticed. Waterloo Road, wide and airy, if not handsome, as it was, and affording a welcome vista, has been cut midway, not by one only, but by two of the ugliest structures it is possible to make out of iron and brick: a pair of monstrous iron boxes, more like coffins than any other things, have been placed on brick piers of commonplace form. Such is the work throughout this line.—The rejection of the plan for taking the new street from Thames Way into St. Paul's Churchyard, whereby a noble view of the Cathedral would have been gained, deprives us of the consolation hoped for, when we learned how the London, Chatham and Dover Railway is intended to cross Ludgate Hill, and shut up the existing but insufficient prospect. This company has got its Bill, but is it even now too late to make some improvement in the plan proposed? Some concession to public opinion will be wise. An Edile to save us from engineers may be—if the Commons' Committee does its duty upon each Bill—rendered needless by the appointment, announced by Mr. Milner Gibson, of an officer of the Board of Trade, to "investigate and report upon the general character of metropolitan railways." We trust this officer will not confine himself to engineering, but, if not an architect himself, be aided by one in dealing with our engineers.

The Royal Literary Fund held its annual meeting on Wednesday, the Bishop of Oxford in the chair. The Report of the General Committee stated that during the past year 1,500l. had been granted in the relief of fifty-four applicants. The Permanent

Fund was said to amount to 23,639l. 1s. 10d., producing 709l. 3s. 4d. per annum in interest. The Permanent Fund was last year increased by a legacy of 1,139l. 1s. 10d., bequeathed to the Society by Mr. Patrick Kieran. Earl Stanhope was elected President of the Society.

The first Education debate of the session will probably come off on the 20th instant, when Mr. Walter will move the following resolutions:—1. That it is the opinion of this House, that the sums annually voted by Parliament for educational purposes ought to be made applicable to all the poorer schools throughout the country (not being private schools, or carried on for profit), in which the attendance and examination of the children exhibit the results required, under the Revised Code, by Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. 2. That to require the employment of certificated teachers, or of pupil-teachers, by school managers, as an indispensable condition of their participation in the Capitation Grant, is inexpedient, and unjust to the managers of such schools.

Since our last we have received the following:—

"Maidenhead, March 9, 1863.

"A learned local friend correctly informs me that I have been anticipated regarding the tract illustrative of the 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' by Dr. Whitaker's account of Leeds and its vicinity, published under the title of 'Loidis and Elmote.' Being confined almost to my room by inflamed eyes, I could not at the time consult any works not on my own shelves, and therefore ought not to have spoken so positively on the subject. As, however, Dr. Whitaker has omitted a full third of the tract in question, and does not follow the form, orthography, or even the words, of the original, I intend to reproduce the whole of the rarity, exactly as it stands, for the satisfaction of the members of my Reprinting Club.

"J. PAYNE COLLIER."

Mr. Boucicault has secured the site for his proposed New Metropolitan Theatre. It is in the Haymarket, on the ground occupied by the Anglesey Tavern, with the stables and livery-yard attached. The building will be immediately commenced. This gentleman will now have an opportunity of practically illustrating those theatrical reforms which he has projected, and in which the public seem disposed to assist.

The Polytechnic Institution has become a place of "sensational" entertainment. To his spectre-drama Mr. Pepper has now added another "strange lecture" not less startling. It concerns Crinoline, and the dangers to which its wearers are exposed by fire. His object is to show that the remedies usually proposed are ineffective. Stone fibre of asbestos and tungstate of soda avail little. A lay-figure is attired with an extensive crinoline, protected by these supposed preventives, and the dress is speedily ignited, leaving nothing but the charred and ghastly body of the victim. A living person is then introduced, to demonstrate the value of an invention recommended by Mr. Pepper, namely, an incombustible starch. The lady is fashionably dressed, with a preposterous appendage that sweeps over the flames in various directions with perfect impunity. The lecturer claims the result as a triumphant proof of the value of the preventive recommended.

Under the shed, at the British Museum, which contains the lions of Chæronea, Cnidus and Brûdrum, is a meteorite that fell at Cambourne, Victoria (Australia): to this, with unexpected humour, the Jurors of Class I. at the International Exhibition, awarded "Honourable Mention"—the card signifying which hangs still, so to say, round the neck of the thing. It is not much of a meteorite to look at, but glows anew under its honours. Was it not worth a medal? or is that distinction reserved for such stones as fell at *Ægos Potamos* the year Socrates was born, got "honourable mention" in the Chronicle of the Parian Marbles as being a full wagon-load, and of which Humboldt, despite a lapse of nearly twenty-four centuries, did not abandon hope of our finding? May not that which barred the river Narne in the tenth century, and is not yet found, some day come in for a medal? These might have a chance, together with that

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monstrous Siberian mass which Pallas investigated so earnestly, or the Monte Videan thunderbolt that perplexed the nations. What would the Jurors of Class I. say to the Palladium itself, if that turned up, and was found to be meteoric iron, as many believe? "Honourable Mention" for aérolites that fall, as Schreibers estimated, at the rate of seven hundred in each year, seems a little absurd, but still the thing in question is noteworthy. Whether the air-giants kneaded the Cambourne quoit, and cast it cendent from their hands; whether it be an asteroid, whose race is done, shot out of a lunar volcano, of solar origin, as Diogenes Laertius surmised, native terrestrial iron raised by a hurricane, as Aristotle wildly guessed about that of Ægæs Potamos; or, strangest of all, proof of the theory of Diogenes of Apollonia, and one of "the stars that are invisible, and, consequently, have no name," no man has yet affirmed.

Mr. Warren De La Rue has exhibited an enlarged photograph of a portion of the moon's surface, with a view to promote that branch of lunar observation included under the term Selenography. The photograph in question, which is, we believe, thirty-six times larger than the original negative, represents one of the rugged ridges of our satellite with admirable definition, and with lights and shades, prominences and hollows, remarkably distinct. Hence arises the utilitarian suggestion, that if the whole of the visible lunar surface were similarly depicted, the photographs might be preserved for the use of coming generations, as with such accurate tests at hand the astronomers of 1963 would be able to compare the aspect of their moon with that of the moon of 1863.

A French naturalist has calculated that the number of birds' eggs and young birds destroyed in France every year by predatory urchins and adults amounts to twenty millions; on which calculation the editor of *Les Mondes* reads a homily which is not without its application in this country. We notice the question in the hope that as the pairing season has commenced, all persons who can exercise influence will do so on behalf of the tenants of our woods, copse and hedgerows. Agriculturists especially should bestir themselves to prevent the wanton destruction of nests and broods which takes place every spring, considering their liability to loss by attacks of insects. It is impossible to calculate the number of grubs, of embryos scarcely visible without a microscope, or insect-devourers generally, which the birds would destroy if let alone. It is true that agriculture owes much to art; but it must not on that account reject the aid of nature. If small crops are to thrive, small birds must be encouraged. Our foreign contemporary cites as praiseworthy the example of Cardinal Donnet, who on all fitting occasions exerts his eloquence in favour of the birds of the air.

Another centenary birthday will be celebrated this month, that of Jean Paul Friederich Richter, born on the 21st of March, 1763. The name of Richter, the fanciful, humouristical, sentimental author of 'Hesperus,' 'Titan,' 'Camarpan-Thal,' 'Levana,' 'Siebenkäs,' &c.,—the idolized poet, the favourite of the women of his time,—has far more penetrated beyond the frontiers of Germany than that of stern, simple-hearted Seume. It is now half a century since Jean Paul's writings created an enthusiasm in Germany hardly equalled, certainly not surpassed, by that which 'Die Sieden des jungen Werther' and Schiller's 'Räuber' raised in the hearts of old and young. These times are over. The cool and severe criticism of men like Gervinus and Hillebrand—the utter condemnation of the poet by modern writers of literary history, as Julian Schmidt—seem to take a sort of revenge on the idol of his time and of the women in particular. However, literary justice will be done by and by, and the scales resume a fair balance, after too much fame and too much blame have been thrown in on either side. This centenary birthday, no doubt, will be celebrated warmly; a literary gift for the day has already appeared. The son-in-law of the poet, Herr Ernest Förster, has begun to publish a series

of 'Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben von Jean Paul F. Richter.' The first part, which has already appeared, shows the poet as friend, by his correspondence with Emanuel Osmund, Friedrich von Oertel and Paul Emil Thieriot; the second part will treat on the poet's relation with women; and the third will lead us into his study and make communications from his books of memoranda. The whole will be a welcome gift to the friends and admirers of the poet.

Will close on the 21st.—SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES BY THE MEMBERS, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East. Open from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, One Shilling.

JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, for the EXHIBITION AND SALE OF THE WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

THE RAILWAY STATION.—This Celebrated Picture, by W. FRITH, Esq., R.A., is NOW ON VIEW in the Public Room of the FINE-ART GALLERIES, 11, Haymarket.—Admission, 1s. Open from Ten to Five. A Descriptive Pamphlet, by Mr. Tom Taylor, M.A., price 6d.

THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF ENGLAND AND DENMARK.—Portraits of Her Majesty, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other Members of the Royal Families of England and Denmark, comprising more than Forty Pictures, many of them life-size, all executed by Mr. Ghislain Fréart, and others by Mr. W. HENRY, ON VIEW in the REICH'S GALLERIES, 19, Pall Mall.—First Floor.—Admission, 1s. Every visitor will be presented with a Carte-de-Visite Portrait of the Princess of Wales.

MR. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS TO EVENING PARTIES AND THE SEASIDE will be sent at the EVENING HALL, EVERY EVENING IN SEPTEMBER, Saturday, at Eight o'clock. Mr. HAROLD POWER will be one of the party. A Morning Performance on Saturday, at Three o'clock.—Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box-Office is open daily, from 11 till 5 o'clock.

## SCIENCE

### SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—March 5.—General Sabine, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read: 'On Skew Surfaces, otherwise Scrolls,' by A. Cayley, Esq.—'Researches on the Refraction, Dispersion and Sensitiveness of Liquids,' by Dr. Gladstone and the Rev. T. Dale.—'On the Change of Form assumed by Wrought Iron and other Metals when Heated and then Cooled by Partial Immersion in Water,' by Lieut.-Col. H. Clerk.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—March 9.—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—D. J. Kennedy, A. H. Barford, H. Bayley, J. Burns, J. D. Campbell, R. R. Carew, S. Chapman, F. P. Dalgety, J. V. F. Foster, F. Gascogne, E. W. Jeffreys, Brigadier-Gen. J. R. A. St. George, C.B., Col. C. Sawyer, G. Scovell, R. B. Sheridan, M.P., G. Stanton, and R. Swinhoe, Esq.s., were elected Fellows.—The President informed the meeting that he had received a communication, which gave some hopes that Mr. and Mrs. Petherick might still be alive.—The papers read were, 'Recent Explorations in Australia': 1, by Mr. M'Donall Stuart; 2, by Mr. Lansborough; and 3, by Mr. M'Kinlay.

GEOLOGICAL.—March 4.—Leonard Horner, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—F. Drake, Esq., II. Commandeur Devincenzi, Cav. C. Perazzi, O. C. Marsh, Esq. and J. Watson, Esq. were elected Fellows.—The following communication was read, 'On the Permian Rocks of North-Eastern Bohemia,' by Sir Roderick I. Murchison.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—March 5.—The Marquis of Bristol, V.P., in the chair.—A. W. Franks, Director, exhibited a bronze knife found in the Thames, and photographs of the Mortuary Urns found at Stade on the Elbe, and now in the Museum at Hanover, on which Mr. Kemble communicated a paper in the 36th volume of the 'Archæologia.' The Director called attention to the great interest of these urns, of which more exact representations were now before the Society than those which are found in Mr. Kemble's paper.—J. Williams, Esq. exhibited, by permission of Commander Edge, R.N., some antiquities of a Danish type from the Barra Islands in the Hebrides.—The Director called attention to similar relics which had been found in the Orkney Islands in the spring of 1849.—E. Waterton, Esq. exhibited a very fine specimen of an ass's hoof-ring.—E. Peacock, Esq. exhibited a Manuscript Report

of the Proceedings of the First Session of King Charles the First's Third Parliament, from which the Director read some passages relating to charges against the Rev. Richard Burgess. The exhibition was accompanied by a letter from J. Bruce, Esq., calling attention to the interest of this portion of the manuscript.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—March 4.—P. Graham, Esq., Member of the Council, in the chair.—The paper read was 'On the Influence of Certain Social Institutions on the Progress of the Fine Arts,' by Mr. G. R. Burnell.

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Asiatic, 8.—Royal Academy, 8.—'Sculpture,' Prof. Westmacott.
TUES.	Ethnological, 8.—'Notes on Formosa,' Mr. Swinhoe; 'Comixture of Races, Western Asia,' Mr. Crawford.
WED.	Royal Institution, 3.—'Animal Mechanics,' Prof. Marsh.
THURS.	Statistical, 8.—'Recent Financial and Taxation Statistics, United States,' Mr. Walford.
FRI.	Engineers, 8.—'Waters of the Upper Thames,' and 'Lydgate and Buckhorn Weston Rail. Tunnels,' Mr. Fraser.
SAT.	Horticultural, 1.—'Camellia Show.'
	Metrical, 8.—'Inferior Oolite, Middle and South of England,' Mr. Holl; 'Recent Changes in Delta of Ganges,' Mr. Ferguson.
	Society of Arts, 8.—'Suppression of Fires,' Mr. King.
	Botanical, 8.—'Chemical Affinity,' Dr. Frankland.
	Royal Academy, 8.—'Painting,' Prof. Hart.
	Numerical, 7.
	Chemical, 8.—'Native Copper,' Prof. Abel; 'Decomposition of Gun-cotton,' Dr. Divers; 'Chinoline Series,' Mr. Green.
	Geological, 8.—'Oxide of Gold,' Dr. Astle.
	Linen, 8.—'Remarkable Malformations affecting the genus <i>Lolium</i> ,' Dr. Masters; 'Species of Fusidæ inhabiting Seas of Japan,' Mr. A. Adams.
	Royal, 8.
	Antiquaries, 8.
	Horticultural, 11.—Council, 2.—Election of Fellows.
	Philological, 8.
	Royal Institution, 8.—'Magnetic Forces,' Mr. Balfour Stewart.
	Royal Institution, 3.—'Science of Language,' Prof. Max Müller.

### FINE ARTS

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The Society of Female Artists' Exhibition will open in the middle of April—later this year than usual—at the new gallery of the Society, No. 48, Pall Mall. Pictures must be sent in on the 7th and 8th of that month, between 10 A.M. and 6 P.M., whether the works of members or of contributors. The latter pay a small fee for hanging pictures, and 5*l.* per cent. on sales effected. This Society has opened a ladies' school for study of the costumed model and from the antique.

The Society of Sculptors has determined to open its First Annual Exhibition on the 26th instant, in conjunction with the Architectural Exhibition, at 8, Conduit Street, Regent Street.

The Society of Wood-Carvers, composed mostly of skilled artisans, such as were the Gothic artists, who have left us such noble works, has voted the sum of 1*5l.*, to be awarded to three of the most meritorious works by its members that may be shown at the forthcoming Sculpture Exhibition.

The designs for the Prince Consort's Memorial having been submitted to the Queen, at Windsor, are to be immediately exhibited to the public in the Houses of Parliament, probably in the Royal Gallery, which Mr. Macrise is decorating with water-glass pictures. It does not seem to be generally known that this artist's most important picture, 'The Interview between Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo,' may be seen on Saturday afternoons, by gratuitous tickets obtainable, for immediate use, on application, at the Lord Chamberlain's Office in the Houses of Parliament. The picture referred to is not alone estimable in the highest degree for its artistic qualities, but as a successful application of the water-glass process. Externally placed blinds now so reduce the coloured light passing through the windows of the hall, that this picture may be seen as well as can be hoped for while the stained-glass remains in its present position.

Mr. Weekes is preparing a statue of Hunter, for the Hunterian Museum, College of Surgeons, London. It is seated, larger than life. Mr. Steele's statue of the Marquis of Dalhousie, for Calcutta, has been recently finished. It is marble, above life-size, in ordinary costume, with a cloak over the shoulders; the right hand pointing across

the body to a map held in the left. The same sculptor is engaged on a statue of the late Mr. Wilson, also for Calcutta.

The now finished exterior of the Guards' Barracks at Chelsea cannot be said to be beautiful. A frontage of about 1,250 feet offers either a great opportunity or a great snare for the architect who has to use it. Mr. G. Morgan, probably influenced by the very extent of ground at command, has trusted for most of his effect upon the eye to the façade's vast length, and not, as he might wisely have done, to grandly massing its forms. Broken by sectional groupings as the frontage and roof-line are, they are not enough to give emphasis to any one feature. Indeed, the parts are symmetrically arranged without gaining dignity or looking so large as they really are. No section is inelegant; some parts are really pleasing, as the central portal and its towers, the main lofier wings, and, above all, the detached structures at each end; yet the straightness of the general plan is such that the building lacks breadth of form as well as of light and shade.

The Church of Ross, well-known as containing the grave of John Kyle, the "Man of Ross," has been restored and enlarged under the charge of Mr. Buckler, of Oxford. Open seats have been substituted for pews, the floor lowered,—an improvement well worthy to show the character of this noteworthy edifice,—the organ removed from the tower to a gallery proper to itself,—two ugly galleries taken away, and the space under the tower, where the organ stood, fitted with seats. We do not learn that the spire, the peculiar incurving outline of which has puzzled many a tourist, has been restored to its originally beautiful line; its recent odd shape was given under the care of John Kyle himself, whose eye for beauty must have been a peculiar one. Slight as is the cavity, its effect, not only upon the edifice but the whole character of the landscape, of which this spire forms so conspicuous a portion, is extraordinary. Nothing could better affirm the original architect's skill than the result produced by meddling with his work; every one sees there is something wrong,—the artist finds it to be the twenty feet added to the spire without keeping to its old outline.

On the subject of mosaic decorations in St. Paul's Cathedral a Correspondent writes as under:—"In the paragraph of last week, wherein reference is made to the project of decorating St. Paul's Cathedral with mosaics, the ornate and rather heavy grandeur of the architecture is urged as ill-suited to that style of embellishment; while the 'later school of mosaic Art,' as exemplified by the 'Navicella' of Giotto in the vestibule of St. Peter's at Rome, is protested against as a bad precedent. Surely St. Peter's at Rome is of the same ornate and heavily-grand style of architecture as St. Paul's at London. If mosaic befits that cathedral, wherefore not this one also? And surely St. Peter's at Rome contains later mosaics than the 'Navicella' after Giotto. The Four Evangelists, beneath Michael Angelo's cupola, the first distinct pictured figures which strike the pilgrim's eye who first paces the nave towards the *baldacchino*,—pictures which, when approached near, seem merely so many collections of coarse bits of coloured tile: these offer a fairer precedent, I cannot but think, besides being a more modern example, than the 'Navicella' of the vestibule; and could not, it may be added, have been executed otherwise than in mosaic.

Y. L. Y."

The Scottish Academicians have for a long time past kept for themselves the privileges of examining and visiting their pictures before the exhibition containing them is open to the public. By way of conciliating the most impatient, or perhaps most influential, of "outsiders," the privilege has this year been conceded to a select number of the latter. This seems to have neither rhyme nor reason in it. There might be reasons shown for excluding every person, for some might justify the old state of the matter; but to modify the rule as now seems a concession to fear rather than justice.

The long-delayed decision of the award in competition for the design of St. Fin Barr's Cathedral, Cork, has been made. Mr. W. Burges, the successful competitor, receives the first prize of 100*l.*

for his design, from which the cathedral will be built. The second prize, 50*l.*, has been awarded to Mr. T. N. Deane, of Dublin. The award to Mr. Burges has been challenged, on account of the assumption that its execution will exceed the limit of cost.

The *Monde* states that French and Russian architects sent to report on the condition of the Holy Sepulchre declare that all the woodwork is so worm-eaten, that the top of the cupola is in a dangerous state, and might fall in: they suggest to have constructed a temporary roof under which the services might go on. It is further suggested that the cupola, long known to be in a precarious state, should be replaced by one of bronze.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—FRIDAY NEXT, March 20, Mendelssohn's "ST. PAUL."—Principal Vocalists:—Madame Ritterdorff, Madame Dohm, Miss Schröder, Mr. Weller. The Band and Chorus, on the most extensive scale available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers.—Tickets, 3*s.*, 5*s.*, and Stalls 10*s.* 6*d.* each; at the Society's Office, No. 8, in Exeter Hall.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 76, Harley Street.—Midle. BONDY'S FIRST CONCERT OF CHAMBER MUSIC will take place on March 17, at Eight o'clock. Instrumentalists: Midle. Bondy, M. Sainton, M. Paque. Vocalist, Miss Banks. Conductor, Herr Linné Ganz.—Tickets for the series, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, 10*s.* 6*d.* each. Tickets to admit Three, Two Guineas; Single Tickets, Half-Guineas each. To be had of Midle. Bondy, 11, Duke Street, Portland Place.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, March 18.—Programme: Motett, "Exaltabo Te," Palestina; Chorale, "Sleepers, Awake" Mendelssohn; Anthem, "Almighty and merciful God;" John Goss; Anthem, "Blow ye the Trumpet," Henry Purcell; Anthem, "Lord for thy tender mercy," Henry Purcell; Duet for Pianoforte and Clarionet, "Woe!" Mr. J. G. Calvert and Mr. Lazarus; Motett, "Ave verum," Mozart; Motett, "As pants the hart," Spohr; Soprano Solo, Miss Annie Cox; Motett for double Choir, "I wrestle and pray"; Bach: Trio, "Ti prego," Cuckoo; Minstrel; "Hark! the声 of Elton and Mr. W. Pyne; "The 49th Psalm," for an Eight-voiced Chorus, "Judge me, O Lord," Mendelssohn; Pianoforte Solo, "The Harmonious Blacksmith," Handel (Miss Marian Walsh); Part-Song, "The deep repose of night," Mendelssohn; Solo, for Clarionet, Mozart; Mr. J. G. Calvert; "Allegro," Handel. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie. Stalls, 3*s.*; Admission, 1*s.* Tickets to be had of Addison Lucas, 210, Regent Street; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; Keith, Froward & Co., 48, Cheapside; and at the Hanover Square Rooms.

S. BLUMMER begs to announce that he will give THREE SUBSCRIPTION SOIREE'S at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on the 21st, 23rd, March, 5th of April, and 1st of May. Tickets for the Three, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, Single Soirée, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Unreserved Seats, 10*s.* 6*d.* for the three; Single Soirée, 5*s.* To be had of Herr Blummer, 5, Pelham Crescent, Brompton; at the Rooms; and at Messrs. Schott's, 169, Regent Street.

THE ROYAL WEDDING-MUSIC.—Nothing was ever seen more curiously revealing the stage of a great theatre, when a new grand drama is in preparation, than the highway of London.

From low St. James's up to high St. Paul's, last week. The rehearsals (so to say) of scenery, machinery, property, costumes, were attended by a more dense crowd than on any former occasion,—this in part owing to the increased facility of access to the metropolis,—in part to England's increased prosperity,—in part to the splendour of the March weather,—in largest part to the grace and promise of the ceremonial itself. That Music has been "up and doing" to take its due part, may have been gathered from the scattered notices which have been already presented. To speak of the performances as they have passed and gone (the best to be repeated) is not, for the moment, possible, save in a fragmentary fashion.

The Windsor music, in St. George's Chapel, for the august ceremonial was as follows:—Triumphal March, Beethoven; March from "Athalia," Mendelssohn; March from "Joseph," Handel; "Chorale," by H.R.H. the late Prince Consort; "Grand Chaunt," Psalm 67, "Hallelujah," Beethoven. The music to be conducted by Dr. Elvey. The selection was a singular one, including, as it does, three German Marches (of these, one a War-march),—the other from "Joseph," best known as a Funeral March, it having been thus used in "Samson,"—and leaving England with only two notes to represent it—those of the "Grand Chaunt."

At the *Crystal Palace* the music consisted of a repetition of the pieces executed at Windsor, and a miscellaneous act, including two new compositions written for the occasion, and both of importance. The first was a festival Overture by Mr. Manns, in which there are many points to the credit of that excellent conductor; if there be also some inexperience in laying out the composition. The *allegro* contains a happy and bold phrase of melody.

The instrumentation is ingenious and well calculated for the limited and somewhat peculiar means at its writer's disposal. The close included "God save the Queen," with a couple of new verses, given out by a choir of children, and chorused by the 35,000 joyous holiday people (we are informed that that number were present), with "heart and voice," if ever such things spoke out in company. The composer was enthusiastically cheered; and the *allegro*, with its choral hymn, must needs be repeated. Though out of this special record, the open, hearty, orderly enjoyment of the vast crowd, and the brightness of the framework in point of decoration, are things not to be forgotten by any who were present. Mr. A. Sullivan's March is very good; and, what is more, new. He has had to compete with such composers of festive Marches as Mendelssohn, M. Meyerbeer, M. Gounod in "La Reine de Saba," Mr. Benedict in "Undine," each differing from each, and all casting their work in the modern mould, which, if less grandiose, is somewhat less formal than the one so superbly filled by Handel. The theme is large and brilliant, relieved by a short and a longer *trio*, both of great sweetness, without languor; the first *trio* happily repeated, with all the force of the orchestra, as a *coda* (published, among *The Prince of Wales's Wedding-Music*, by Messrs. Cramer & Co.). This March deserves to survive the occasion for which it was thrown off; and, we think, will do so.

The production of the week most important in scale was the *Allegorical Masque*, produced at Covent Garden, on Tuesday, "Freya's Gift," the words by Mr. Oxenford, the music by Mr. G. A. Macfarren: arranged from the score by E. F. Rimbaud. (Lambourn, Cock & Co.) The *Cantata* contains five numbers, three of which are choral. Taken for what it professes to be, the *Masque* is happily devised, and contains some of Mr. Oxenford's most musically-thought words. Mr. Macfarren shows himself in his usual guise, as the possessor of much facility, and sometimes instinct for grace and grandeur, as in the Chorus No. 1, but incomplete in his feeling for vocal elegance, as in the Solo No. 1, calculated to exhibit Miss L. Pyne's brilliancy, but which is harassed and uncouth, and is followed by a recitative in which the pen, not the fancy, has rambled—a couple of pages which, were it not for the pernicious humour of publishing works as yet untried, are well worth the trouble of cancelling if "Freya's Gift" be meant to last. Then comes the inevitable sugared ballad about "an English home" (not a bad ballad), followed by the most developed portion of the *Cantata*, a chorus "Arouse thee, merrie England," in "the Robin Hood" humour, with more stir than real merriment, the latter being impeded by some gratuitously crude modulations. Mr. Macfarren—like other moderns—forgetting such examples as Handel's "Laughing Chorus" and "Happy we," from "Acis,"—is nothing when he is not modulating in some out-of-the-way fashion. Lastly comes a choral hymn—once more ingeniously embedding in a movement (common *tempo*) the Danish and the English national airs. The uses to which our own noble tune has been put—from an organ fantasia by Hesse, and subtle Quartett variations by Onslow, to every conceivable choral setting and treatment "happy and glorious"—pure, puerile, pedantic, or pompous—offer matter for a curious monograph. The *Cantata* proves less effective in performance than we had expected from perusal.

Among provincial demonstrations must be mentioned a Serenade, written by Mr. J. A. Langford, and composed by Mr. A. J. Sutton, consisting of solos, duett, and choruses, which was performed at Aston Park, Birmingham, on Tuesday last. One quatrain will suffice as a specimen of the words:—

With hurrahs the air we rend,  
As the Bridegroom, nobly proud,  
On his bride doth gladly tend,  
Loved and honoured by the crowd.

Of the music we may speak another day, since it will be published ere long.

As close to this desultory talk concerning a week of remarkable excitement, one or two published utterances may be noticed. The *Album*, by

Messrs. Cramer & Co., the musical portion of which has been amply announced, cannot here be further criticized. The form of publication, however, as magnificent and tasteful in no ordinary degree, is not to be passed over without admiration.

The offering of an English lady—*Alexandra National Song* (Lonsdale), the words by J. J. Lonsdale, the music by Virginia Gabriel—is among the myriad things of "favour and of prettiness" (to quote from an old Danish legend) which our English women have so gracefully lavished in the path of her whom so many hearts have gone forth and waited to greet. The words by Mr. Lonsdale (who writes with great ease and fancy for music, with some propensity to overcrowd his fancies which will cure itself), have feeling, poetry, and nationality. Miss Gabriel has set them well, and more nervously than has been till now her habit. The choral burthen is stout and bold; and the closing phrase of it (a point at which many a strong man has felt his strength dwindle) is happy, large, and in the true English style.

## MUSIC IN GERMANY.

Leipzig.

WITH the new year our musical life begins to flow again, after the brief suspension during the Christmas holidays.

The *Gewandhaus* New Year's Concert, of which the first part is always sacred music, opened with a selection from a Mass in A flat by Schubert, hitherto unknown here. The *Kyrie* is beautiful, both in the melodiousness of its themes and in the way they are treated. The other movements gradually decline in interest, and become much too light—I might almost say frivolous—for service music. The *Credo*, which, I am told, is the best movement, was not performed. In the same concert, an orchestral composition by Bach, the "Trumpet" Suite in D, was performed. The Guild of Trumpeters, for whose especial glorification it was written, must have been first-rate performers: for our orchestra, the trumpet parts had to be modified; one movement, "air" for solo violin, was played incomparably by Herr Concertmeister David. Herr Kapellmeister Reinecke also contributed, as a New Year's gift, his setting of Herr Ernst's poem, "Ave Maria," for chorus and orchestra; it is a graceful and pleasing composition. In another concert, "Miriam's Song," by the same composer, for soprano solo, with orchestra, was performed for the first time. The text is Freiligrath's translation of Moore's well-known song. In works of this heroic class Herr Reinecke is not so much at home as in others of a more tender character. Although the song has some good points, it nowhere rises to that grandeur which should mark the triumphant Israelitish maiden.

A new *Concertante*, for six violins, re-introduced the veteran composer and violinist, Herr Louis Maurer, of St. Petersburg, who himself took part in the performance. It would have been a greater kindness had the directors not allowed Herr Maurer, who in his day has done good service, to bring his latest work before the public. Herr von Tarzycky, a young Polish pianist, made his first appearance in Leipzig in Henselt's Pianoforte *Concerto*. He has immense strength of finger and brilliant execution; but his playing fails in that clearness without which brilliance has but little value. The choice of his *Concerto* was unfortunate; it is too uninteresting and fragmentary. In some small pieces by Chopin, Herr Tarzycky's rendering of his music was charming. The competition for Herr Davidoff's place has introduced more violoncellists than we usually hear in one season. Herr Krumbholz, a member of the orchestra, and who has filled up the vacancy during the interim, played a *Concerto* by Goltermann, and proved himself an excellent artist in style, tone and execution. A more brilliant performer is Herr Louis Lubeck, from the Hague. In the first movement of Molique's *Concerto*, and in a Recitative and *Adagio* by his father, his playing, at once musical and spirited, won deserved applause. Herr Lubeck is certainly the best of the candidates who have hitherto been heard. His performance in one of the Chamber-Music Con-

certs proves that he is also an excellent *ensemble* player. Another of these Concerts made us acquainted with Herr Lund, of Stockholm, an oboist of the first rank. The good opinion he then inspired was confirmed by a second hearing in the *Euterpe*, where he performed a *Concerto* by Stein. In tone, execution and purity of taste, he leaves nothing to be desired.

In the *Euterpe*, music of the newest school continues to receive a prominent place. Rubinstein's *Symphony*, No. 3, has been given for the first time in Leipzig. With not a few points of interest, it is, as a whole, the least striking of all the composer's larger orchestral works. Berlioz has been represented by his "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture, and by the second and third movements of his "Harold" *Symphony*. That these works are wonders of orchestration, and that they greatly excite the interest of the hearer, there can be no question; but whether they satisfy it is another matter. A "Vereinslied" for "Männerchor," by Liszt, is an excellent composition, uniting both earnestness and jovial humour. Herr Blassmann, the Kapellmeister of the Society, has played Schumann's *Pianoforte Concerto*. In this, as in a *Concerto* of Handel's, in a former concert, he proved himself a pianist of a very high class: his tone and execution are both good; the only drawback is a certain want of clearness and decision in phrasing: this latter defect is also perceptible in his directing. In a Chamber-Music Concert of the *Euterpe*, the Herren Sielmann, Ackermann, Meinetz and Schlick, the Dresden "Court" quartett, presented themselves; they are careful *ensemble* players, but neither in spirit nor in style did they give entire satisfaction.

The Concert of the Pauliner *Gesangverein*, the Students' Choral Society, always excites interest. Schumann's setting of Uhland's Ballad "Das Glück von Edenhall" was new to me; this is one of the composer's posthumous works which it would have been better not to have published. Two works by Schubert were also new: "Widersprich"—a chorus for male voices with a piano forte accompaniment, and a double chorus of Knights and Moors from the MS. Opera "Fierabras." The latter makes the most pretence, and has some vigour and life, but the former is the more pleasing. A "parting chorus" from Grétry's opera, "The Two Misers," was delicious.

The second of Herr von Bülow's *Pianoforte Concertos* commenced with a new "Suite" in D minor, in four movements—Fantasia and Fugue, Gigue with variations, Cavatina, March, by Herr Joachim Raff. There are some clever points in its construction, but, as a whole, to employ a useful German idiom, it is "unbeautiful," and its interest is by no means in proportion to its great length and pretension.

The first volume of a new musical periodical, *Musikalische Jahrbücher*, has been issued by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, and is edited by Dr. Chrysander. This first volume is devoted to theoretical and historical disquisitions. Two articles, on "Tone" and on "Temperament," by Dr. Hauptmann, unite the profundity and humour of that admirable theorist. The other articles are by the Editor; one is devoted to the life and works of our own Carey, and to the origin of "God save the King." This has much interesting matter in it, but, like all the works of its writer, is marked by such a contemptuous disdain of those from whom he differs, that even when he is right the impression made upon the reader is very disagreeable. The future volumes, which will appear yearly, will contain papers on modern compositions. Especial attention is also promised to the comparative study and analysis of national songs.

For my last paragraph, I have just received a pleasant piece of news. A second volume of Mendelssohn's Letters is in active preparation. Mendelssohn's eldest son is associated with Herr Paul Mendelssohn in the supervision of the new volume, which will bring down the letters to the time of the writer's death, and will contain a greater proportion of especial musical interest.

A.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Mr. C. Halle's Concert-season at Manchester has come to a close; and successfully, we are informed,—a fact remarkable, considering how melancholy the past winter in the town has been. His programmes of the five past years are humiliating to Londoners in their affluence and variety.

We have been told that Mr. Santley, who has entered into a re-engagement with Mr. Mapleson, intends henceforth to devote himself exclusively to Italian opera,—which (if Mr. Mapleson's plans be carried out) means his singing alternately in London and Naples. In the present condition of the English musical theatre, such preference on the part of a singer so valuable as Mr. Santley can excite no surprise; but if the tale be true, we lose (for a time at least) not merely the best opera-baritone, but the best oratorio and classical concert singer, possessing his peculiar voice, who has been heard in this country.—We hear that Mr. Mapleson intends bringing out M. Gounod's "Faust," with Miss Kellogg, Signor Giuglini, and (we hope) Mr. Santley in the part of *Valentin*, "La Forza del Destino," and "Fidelio," among other operas;—and that Mlle. Piccolomini is to return for two nights, —also, that Signor Belletti is engaged by him

The *Gazette Musicale* announces that Mr. Gye intends to revive "L'Étoile du Nord" this year, and to give "Stradella,"—with which view M. Naudin has been engaged. We are informed, thirdly, that he will produce an Italian version of Nicolai's cheery "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Mr. Pittman commenced a series of four Lectures on Comic Opera at the London Institution on Monday evening last.

Mr. Howard Glover gives another aimless monster concert to day, the programme of which will include, among other matters, a *Cantata*, written on the occasion of the Princess Alexandra's departure, by Herr Salomon, the Danish Court-composer. The "run" of miscellaneous entertainments since the year came in, however profitable, has not indicated any progress in Art. We are not so far in advance of our old London Lent concerts, when "Nid Nodin" shouldered "The Horse and his Rider," as we ought to have been.

It is understood that this year's Lower Rhenish Whitsuntide Musical Festival will be held at Düsseldorf, and will, probably, be conducted by Herr Otto Goldschmidt. Among the works named for performance are "Elijah" and Handel's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day."

The Viennese Society, that opened not long ago a competition to symphonists, has awarded one of its two prizes to Herr Joachim Raff, who has long been known as a meritorious practitioner in the transcendental school of writing. His prize Symphony, "Germany," is described as follows:—*Allegro*, "Picture of the German Character: Vaulting Ambition and Deep Reflection, Mildness and Boldness," with like contrasts. *Allegro Molto Virace*, "In the Open Air, a German Wood: with Horn-Music, and National Songs on the Plain." *Larghetto*, "The Muses and Love at the Hearth." *Allegro Drammatico*, "Disappointed Struggles for German Unity." *Larghetto* and *Allegro Trionfale*, "Mourning, New Exaltation." What next? Cologne Cathedral has been set as a Symphony,—also the French Revolution. Let us recommend "the British Constitution" to any native composer inclined to walk in the clear and natural path of Herr Raff.

M. Victor Massé's new two-act opera, "La Mule du Pédro," was the other evening produced at the Grand Opéra of Paris with some success. The principal singers were Madame Gueymard, M.M. Warot and Faure.—The *Gazette Musicale* publishes, on a correspondent's authority, a glowing account of M. Rubinstein's "Feramor," just produced at Dresden; with Madame Jauner Krall as *Tulip-Cheek*, and Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld as the disguised Prince, whose tale-telling propensities did so affront *Fadlaaden*.

In our last week's notice of Mr. Henry Leslie's concert, "concert-goers" was printed in place of concert-givers.

## MISCELLANEA

*Papers from Simancas.*—Dr. Bergenroth's interesting calendar of the documents relating to English history which are preserved at Simancas has attracted the attention of historical students to everything that comes from those Archives; and now another contribution serves only to whet our curiosity still more. A volume of papers relating to the reigns of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second has just been published in Ratisbon, under the superintendence of Dr. Döllinger, the eminent Catholic historian, and with the support of the King of Bavaria. These documents are of a more general nature than the collection of Dr. Bergenroth; but these are as interesting to the students of German history as those to the students of English history. They deal chiefly with religious questions,—with the conclave by which Pius the Fourth was elected, with the Council of Trent, and with the Spanish Inquisition. Still there is no lack of political interest, the more that religion wears a decidedly statesmanlike garment. Charles the Fifth gives accounts of his meeting the Princes of the Empire in Augsburg, states his intentions with regard to the proposed divorce of Henry the Eighth, describes his flight from Innsbruck to escape from Maurice of Saxony, and proposes Philip the Second to be elected Emperor in his room. A long report from the Nuntius Delfino states the grounds of Charles the Fifth's abdication, alluding in the bitterest terms to the hostility of the Germans. The documents relating to the reign of Philip the Second begin with his excommunication by Pope Paul the Fourth, and the orders issued by the King to prevent the entrance of the Bull into his dominions. How well this order was obeyed we may see in the next page, where the Bull itself is given in all its circumstantiality of verbose Latin, stating the crimes of Philip, and depriving him of all his power and kingly authority, releasing all his subjects from their obedience and all his allies from their promises. A short time elapses, and we find Pius the Fourth requesting support from Philip in the matter of the concessions demanded by the German Princes. Reports from the ministers in Rome during the progress of the Council of Trent are followed by fresh instructions from Philip; more than thirty documents announce the publication of the Council and the Pope's approval. We see Philip's steps to have the Council kept clear of all meddling with the Spanish Inquisition. He demands warrants from Rome to authorize the Inquisition to act with greater severity than the Roman Index. The Emperor and the Duke of Bavaria demand the communion in both kinds and the marriage of the clergy; the Emperor threatening that if the latter is not granted, the whole of Germany will adopt the Augsburg Confession. One of Philip's agents writes a detailed account of the characters of all the cardinals who will take part in the election of the next Pope. Another gives a careful sketch of the religious state of Germany in 1571. Another shudders over the danger to which the Roman Empire had been exposed, of a Protestant being elected in 1564. The documents are all published in the original language, with a short abstract preceding. It is almost to be regretted that, as the original language is mostly Spanish, the headings are not somewhat fuller, and that the editor's preface does not go more into detail. The English collections of State Papers might have served for models in this respect. Of the documents Dr. Döllinger has published, thirteen only have appeared before in the Spanish work of Navarrete Barranda and Salva. The present collection was made at Simancas by Dr. Heine, but the publication of it was prevented by his death in 1848. How great the light the papers shed on the history of the time, how many new readings they suggest, and how many secret motives they detect, have been shown in an interesting essay by Prof. Löher, who compares the information they give with that which was found sufficient by Ranke. E. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. R.—B. M. A.—D.—R. J. P.—A Yorkshire Gleeman—received.

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